

EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

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Washington Union Coal Company

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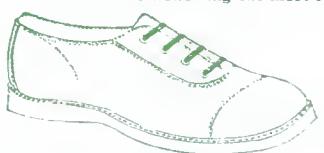
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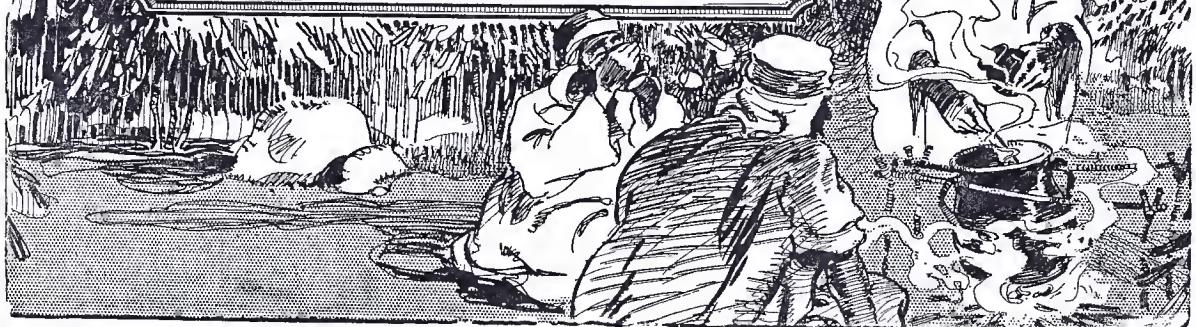
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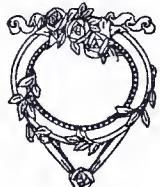
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DELAWARE

EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company
Washington Union Coal Company

VOLUME 2

DECEMBER, 1925

NUMBER 12

The Holiday Season

WHEN the December Magazine reaches our readers, Thanksgiving will have passed and Christmas and New Years will be just around the corner. Thanksgiving as a ceremonial of thankfulness dates back to the Pilgrim Fathers, and each succeeding President, beginning with George Washington, has proclaimed a day to be set aside for National Thanksgiving. As a people we have much to be thankful for, rich, prosperous, with wealth, education and comforts almost universal, our condition as compared to the people of the Old World countries is one to be envied. The long lists of unemployed, many of whom eke out an existence made possible only by the receipt of government "doles" which are not uncommon in Europe, has no counterpart in the United States. The year 1925 has seen a continuation of the conditions that the coal industry experienced during 1924, but gradually there is growing into the minds of men the definite idea that the industry should and must in some way be composed.

The writer cannot feel that the opportunity offered by the expiration of the Anthracite Wage Contract was well capitalized, the Union fields still further harassed by the advantage given the Non-Union fields in the form of additional market territory and output. Many who are definitely friendly to labor look forward to the day when all the facts that surround the production and sale of coal will be made obtainable, employer and employe thereafter to sit down around a table, and without loss of time or earnings to either side, work out a just, fair and workable contract. Regardless of what the ultimate basis of settlement that may be made in the anthracite field is, the solution will still carry the hue and color of a tragedy, unless the agreement arrived at provides for better methods of settlement than the one taken out of the ash heap and put into service again on September 30th last.

Fixing a day upon which to either make a contract or stop work represents a measure of violence that is out of place in the world of to-

day; as well fix a day for dying, thereupon resolving to die whether ready or not. When a man fails to meet the terms of a mortgage he has a redemption period during which he lives and works and plans his way out. Our Nation has been trying for seven years to collect war debts with but partial success, but yet relations of creditor and debtor go on amicably and orderly and out of the conferences there grows daily a better and fuller understanding of each other's problems and limitations. There are those who respect, who sympathize with and who desire to treat fairly with labor and who pray for the day when labor as either an individual, a fraction, or a whole, will cease to stress self pity, will lose the unfortunate self consciousness that it suffers from, saying instead: "We are men and women who have brains enough to think clear, right and straight, to make an agreement and thereafter to keep it and to expect those who join with us in the agreement to keep it also." With the world day by day more and more appreciative of the theory of sitting down together, attempting to work out a solution for differences that will come up from time to time, why should a few thousand American citizens, employers and employes, continue to reach for each other's throats?

Poetry and Biography

BEGINNING with Burns in January last, the Magazine has carried through the year a series of reviews of the life and work of some of the world's great poets, a resume of war verse published in the July number. The poets so reviewed were Burns, Longfellow, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Shakespeare, Robert Browning, Poe, Tennyson, Field, Keats, Goldsmith and Whittier. We who put the reviews together have enjoyed the task, one entered into in response to several requests made by teachers who, busily absorbed in their daily routine work, wished to create in the minds and hearts of their students an interest in good poetry, a class of literature that has for centuries contributed heavily to the culture and betterment of the human race.

The EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE is a monthly publication devoted to the interests of the employes of THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY and WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY, and their families, and is distributed to employes free of cost, subscription price to other than employes, \$1.00 per year.
Articles of interest to our readers, photographs and sketches suitable for reproduction, are solicited and should be addressed to EDITOR, EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE, UNION PACIFIC COAL CO., ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING.
JESSIE McDIARMID, Editor.

Beginning with a sketch of General George W. Goethals in the January number, we will attempt to review the lives and work of some of the world's great workers and doers, men who have contributed heavily to the building up of our country and our civilization.

It will not be our purpose to pick out men who were born in log cabins or in a covered wagon, but somehow, perhaps because it is part of the great plan, it seems to be a fact that many great men come out of humble homes, where life was more or less of a struggle but where it would also seem there was almost

invariably a mother capable of directing and inspiring her child toward higher and better things, and where therewas likewise a father whose example of industry and fidelity served to point the way. Men's lives are like good books, something to study and profit by.

God's Library
God has a library,
wondrous and vast,
Where books are stored on the
Shelves of the past:
Tragedies, comedies,
Dramas of yore,
Dead worlds' long histories—
Definite lore!
God has his favorite
Volumes, and these
Bound are in vellum white—
Biographies.
J. Lewis Milligan.

The little verse by J. Lewis Milligan reproduced herewith well expresses in forty-one words what we wish to say. As this is written we plan to review the life and work of Thomas R. Marshall for publication in the February number. Governor Marshall who died in June, 1925, was Chief Executive of the State of Indiana and for eight years Vice President of the United States, serving also as a member of the United States Coal Commission, giving to the work of the Commission a year of conscientious painstaking effort, the Governor representative of that which is best of American character. We would consider it a pleasure to receive suggestions relative to the men whom our readers wish to see reviewed in subsequent issues of the Magazine.

Smoking in the Mines

A RECENT examination of the mines of The Union Pacific Coal Company in Wyoming, made both by the Coal Company and the federal officials, developed the fact that men employed therein are still carrying into the mines and making use of both matches and smoking materials.

During one examination it developed that eight men were apprehended either in the act of smoking, or through search it was revealed that they were in the possession of matches and smoking materials. These men were sent out of the mine and their connection with the Company was, temporarily at least, severed.

The mines of The Union Pacific Coal Company are being operated on a 100% safety lamp basis. The State Mining Law provides that "any miner, workman or other person who shall carry any pipe, cigar or cigarette, match or fire producing material or appliance into the places that are worked by safety lamps," shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, the statute further providing that "any man working in a mine or mines where safety lamps or electric lamps are used exclusively, shall be subject to search by the mine foreman or his assistants for matches or inflammable materials."

The penalty clause of the statute provides for imposing a fine on the man or men committing any of the above offenses, the fine to not exceed \$200.00.

There is not a man working under ground, whether official or employe, connected with The Union Pacific Coal Company that has not been thoroughly educated and informed regarding the safety requirements of the law, and while the mine supervisory force has been perhaps unduly lenient in carrying offenders through the educational period, same must now be considered as closed and every employe, regardless of position, should assist in bringing about the policing of the mines to the end that the law will be obeyed, the safety of the men employed therein being insured.

If the Company were disposed to be complacent in the matter, the United States Government, through its supervisory agents, the representatives of the Bureau of Mines, are required by statute to act in the case of lands leased from the United States Government, and the Chief State Mine Inspector and his assistants are likewise required to act under the terms of the State Law governing their employment and their duties.

The attention of all men has been again called to this situation by a special bulletin posted at all mines, and further infractions of the law will necessitate not only summary and permanent dismissal from the Company, but each case will be specifically reported to the Chief State Inspector of Mines, with the request that the offender be prosecuted under the State Law.

It should be unnecessary to add that an even more rigorous penalty applies to men carrying intoxicants or who personally enter mines in an intoxicated condition.

Engineers' Department

Mine Arithmetic

(This is the eighth article on Mine Arithmetic. Subsequent articles will appear in later issues.)

POWERS AND ROOTS

Square Root.

It was stated in the previous article that the product obtained from a number of equal factors is called a power of the number. If the process is revised and the number of equal factors into which a number may be separated is found, then any one of these factors is known as the root of the number. If the number 64 is divided into three equal factors; 4, 4 and 4, then any one of these factors is known as a root of this number, as $64 = 4 \times 4 \times 4$. This process of finding the root of a number is known as evolution; it is the reverse of involution or finding the power of a number. The term extract is generally used in connection with finding a root, and it is said that the root of the number is extracted.

If a number is separated into two equal factors, one of these numbers is known as the square root of the number. Thus, if 36 is separated into two equal factors 6 and 6; then 6 is the square root.

If a number is separated into three equal factors, one of the factors is known as the cube root of the number. Thus, 4 is the cube root of 64, since $4 \times 4 \times 4 = 64$.

Other roots of a number are designated by the number of equal factors into which the number is divided. Thus, 4 is the fourth root of 256 because $4 \times 4 \times 4 \times 4 = 256$.

The terms square and cube, when applied to roots, are derived from the same source as similar terms applied to the powers of numbers, previously described, by reversing the conditions stated in the article on powers of numbers. Thus if the area of a square floor is 64 square yards, the square root of 64, or 8, represents, in yards, the length of one side of the room.

When it is desired to indicate that the root of a number is to be extracted, it is usually shown with the Radical sign ($\sqrt{}$) to the left of the number and the vinculum (—) sign is connected to the top of the Radical sign and placed over the number. Thus $\sqrt{100}$ indicates that the square root of 100 is to be extracted, giving 10 for the result. In all cases except for square root an index number must be placed near the top and to the left of the radical sign as follows:

$\sqrt[3]{729}$ equals 9, as $9 \times 9 \times 9 = 729$, $\sqrt[4]{256} = 4$, as $4 \times 4 \times 4 \times 4 = 256$, while other roots will be shown in a similar manner by simply changing the index figure.

Calculation of Square Root.

In extracting the square root of a number, it is necessary to perform a number of separate operations in a certain order, and it will be of great assistance if the squares of the first twelve integers or whole numbers are memorized. The first line below gives the numbers and the second line the squares of these numbers.

Integers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
Squares 1, 4, 9, 16, 25, 36, 49, 64, 81, 100, 121, 144.

The method of extracting the square root is probably best explained by setting up a practical example and extracting the square root as required and explaining the different steps shown in this problem.

Example:—A man desires to purchase a square tract of land containing 160 acres. What will be the length of each side of this tract of land?

An acre of land contains 43,560 square feet and $160 \times 43,560$ square feet equals 6,969,600 square feet. To find the length of each side of a square tract of this area extract the square root. In extracting the square root of a number it is necessary to mark off the number into periods of two figures each, beginning at the right hand figure and making periods of two figures each to the left, and it is liable to happen that the last period to the left will only have one figure, as in this case shown as follows: 6' 96' 96' 00 where 6 becomes the first period.

The reason for pointing off the number is to find out how many figures there will be in the root of the number. It is always true that the number of figures in the root is equal to the number of periods into which the number is divided; in the example above we know, at once, it will contain four figures.

Example:—Extract the square root of 6,969,600 square feet.

	Steps	Number	Root
(a)	2	6' 96' 96' 00 (2640	
	20	<u>2</u> ² =4	
First trial divisor	40	296	
	6	276	
First complete divisor	46	2096	2096
			00
(b)	26		
	20		
Second trial divisor	520	4	
Second complete divisor	524		
(c)	264		
	20		
Third trial divisor	5280	0	
		0	
Third complete divisor	5280		

Therefore the length of each side is 2640 feet.

Explanation:—Beginning at the right, the number 6,969,600 is pointed off into periods of two figures each, except the first period which contains only one figure as previously explained. The largest single number whose square is less than 6, the first period, is now found. This is evidently 2, since the square of 3 or 9 is greater than 6. This number, 2, is written to the right of the number, as in long division; it is also written to the left under steps. The square of this first figure of the root, or $2^2=4$, is written under the first period, as shown, and is subtracted from it, leaving 2 as a remainder. The second period of the number is annexed to this remainder, giving 296 as the first dividend.

The first period of the root, written at (a) is now multiplied by 2, with a cipher attached; in order to avoid dropping the last figure in the dividend when it is divided by the trial divisor and a result of 40 is

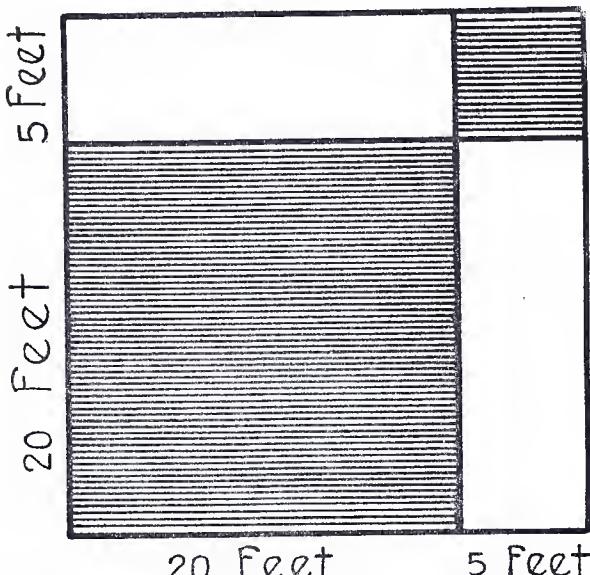
obtained, which is called the first trial divisor. The first dividend 296 is now divided by the first trial divisor, 40, and the quotient 6 is obtained, which is probably the second figure of the root. This figure is written in the root, as shown, and is also added to 40, the first trial divisor, giving the sum 46, which is called the first complete divisor.

The first complete divisor, 46 is multiplied by 6, the second figure in the root, giving the product 276, which is subtracted from the first dividend; the remainder is 20, to which is attached the next period 96 giving 2096 as the second dividend. The two figures of the root 26, are now written at (b) and multiplied by 20, thus giving 520, which is the second trial divisor. Dividing 2096 by the second trial divisor 520, the quotient 4 is obtained as the third figure of the root, adding this figure to the second trial divisor the result is 524, which is the second complete divisor. Multiplying this divisor by 4, the third figure in the root, gives the product 2096, which is written under the second dividend 2096. Then, subtracting it from the second dividend it is found there is no remainder and the fourth period must be brought down giving two zeros as the third dividend.

The three figures 264 in the root are now placed at (c), and multiplied by 20, giving the product 5280, which is the third trial divisor. Dividing 00 by the third trial divisor 5280, the quotient 0 is obtained as the fourth figure of the root, and it is unnecessary to proceed further as it is apparent that zero cannot be divided.

Geometrical Illustration of Square Root.

Take any number as 625 square feet; the square root of which is to be found.



Let the shaded part of the diagram represent the square of 2 tens, the first figure of the root; then 20×20 , or 400 square feet will be its contents. Subtracting the contents from the given area, we have $625 - 400 = 225$ square feet to be added to this square. To preserve its form, the addition must be made equally to two adjacent sides. The question is, what is the width of the addition?

Since the length of the square is 20 feet, adding a strip 1 foot wide to two sides will take $20 + 20$ or 40 square feet. Now, if 40 square feet will add a strip 1 foot wide to the square, 225 square feet will add a strip as many feet wide as 40 is contained times into 225, and 40 is contained in 225, 5 times and 25 over.

That is, since the addition is to be made on two sides, we double the root or length of the side found

for a trial divisor and find it is contained in 225, 5 times, which shows the width of the addition to be 5 feet.

Now, the length of each side addition being 20 feet and the width 5 feet, the area of both equals $20 \times 5 + 20 \times 5$, or $40 \times 5 = 200$ square feet. But there is a vacancy at the upper corner on the right, whose length and breadth are 5 feet each; hence its area equals 5×5 , or 25 square feet, and 200 square feet plus 25 square feet = 225 square feet.

For the sake of finding the area of the two side additions and that of the corner at the same time, we place the quotient 5 on the right of the root already found, and also on the right of the trial divisor to complete it. Multiplying the divisor thus completed by 5, the figure last placed in the root, we have $45 \times 5 = 225$ square feet. Subtracting this product from the dividend, nothing remains.

(To be continued)

Classification and Varieties of Coal

By R. R. Knill

We are again favored by Mr. Knill with another interesting article on coal, this month's article dealing with the classification and varieties of coal, the two previous articles being "Theories for the Origin of Coal," and "Formation of Coal," appearing in the October and November issues, respectively.

THE several varieties of coal are not very distinctly separated. Starting with peat on through different grades of coal there is no specific point where one variety stops and the next one starts. Peat is not considered a variety of coal, but merely an accumulation of vegetal matter from which all varieties of coal are supposed to have originated. Peat itself varies greatly, the lowest form containing considerable muck and mineral matter which prevents free burning.

The first variation of coal is lignite or brown coal. Lignite as a rule is high in moisture and will not stand weathering or shipping to any great extent. The true lignite is brown in color and sometimes has a woody appearance.

Sub-bituminous coal is sometimes called "black lignite." It is distinguished from lignite by its color, which is black instead of brown, is lower in moisture content and has a higher calorific value. Sub-bituminous has a heating value of 8,000 to 13,000 B.t.u. (One B.t.u. is described as the heat required to raise the temperature of one pound of water from 60° to 63° Fahr.)

In the next variety, bituminous, there are two different types, coking and non-coking coal. The outward appearance of both are similar, but the composition differs slightly. The non-coking coal burns to a powdery mass instead of a cellular mass. Cannel coal is usually considered a variety of bituminous. Cannel coal is thought to have originated from a different type of vegetable matter than the other varieties and passes through the different grades of coal keeping its original character.

Semi-bituminous is the next higher grade and is similar to bituminous. Its name is very misleading indicating it to be lower than bituminous coal. Some of the semi-bituminous coal has coking properties but does not always cohere. The best grades of bituminous and semi-bituminous coal will run as high as 16,000 B.t.u. which is higher than the best grades of anthracite.

Semi-anthracite, the name given to the class of coal between semi-bituminous and anthracite, is very characteristic of anthracite, except that it will kindle more readily owing to a large amount of volatile matter. It crumbles more readily in the fire and its combustion is more rapid than anthracite.

The last variety, which is distinctly coal, is anthracite and is commonly called "hard coal." It burns with a short flame and gives off little smoke. Anthracite does not coke and is ideal for domestic use in that it burns longer and is lacking in soot. The heating value of anthracite rarely runs over 15,000 B.t.u.

Natural coke, caused by the intrusion of igneous rocks, is found in different parts of the country. The natural coke differs chiefly from artificial coke in that it contains a large amount of volatile matter.

Many attempts have been made to classify coal according to its heating value, moisture content or composition, but not many are of practical use. The classifications now taken as a standard and adopted by the International Geological Congress are given below:

Classification of Coals Adopted by the International Geological Congress.

A-1. Anthracite Coal.

A-2. Semi-anthracite Coal.

B-1. Anthracite and High Carbon Bituminous Coals.

B-2. Bituminous Coal.

B-3. Low Carbon Bituminous Coal.

C. Cannel Coal.

D-1. Lignite or Sub-bituminous Coal.

D-2. Lignite.

Class A.

A-1. Burns with short, blue flame; gives off 3 to 5% volatile combustion.

Fuel Ratio Fixed Carbon 12 and over.

Volatile Matter Calorific Value 8000—8330 cal.

14400—15000 B.t.u.

Mean Composition

Carbon 93—95 per cent.

Hydrogen 2—4 per cent.

Oxygen and Nitrogen 3—5 per cent.

A-2. Burns with slightly luminous, short flame and little smoke; does not coke, and yields from 7 to 12 per cent of volatile matter.

Fuel Ratio 7—12

Calorific Value 8300—8600 calories.

15000—15500 B.t.u.

Mean Composition

Carbon 90—93 per cent.

Hydrogen 4—4.5 per cent.

Oxygen and Nitrogen 3—5.5 per cent.

Class B.

B-1. Burns with short, luminous flame and yields 12—15% volatile matter; does not readily coke.

Fuel Ratio 4—7

Calorific Value 8400—8900 calories

15200—16000 B.t.u.

Mean Composition

Carbon 80—90 per cent.

Hydrogen 4.5—5 per cent.

Oxygen and Nitrogen 5.5—12 per cent.

B-2. Burns with luminous flame and yields from 12—16 per cent volatile matter; generally cokes.

Fuel Ratio 1.2—7

Calorific Value 7700—8800

14000—16000 B.t.u.

Carbon 75—90 per cent.

Hydrogen 4.5—5.5 per cent.

Oxygen 6—15 per cent.

B-3. Burns freely with long flames; withstands weathering but fractures readily and occasionally has moisture content up to 6 per cent, volatile matter up to 35 per cent; makes a porous, tender coke.

Fuel Ratio

Fixed Carbon plus $\frac{1}{2}$ Volatile

= 2.5—3.3

Hygroscopic moisture plus $\frac{1}{2}$ Volatile

Calorific Value 6600—7800 calories

12000—14000 B.t.u.

(Continued on page 22)

The "Edison Effect"

By D. C. McKeehan

SOME of the early phenomena which takes place in highly evacuated glass bulbs containing a glowing filament such as radio tubes, were discovered by Mr. Thomas A. Edison as early as 1883.

It was noted that the carbon incandescent lamps of the early days were subject to blackening of the bulb and frequently it was noticed that there was, on one side of the bulb and in the plane of the filament, a line that was not blackened.

Later it was found that the side of the filament next to the unblackened line was connected to the positive side of the circuit. In consequence it was assumed that the filament threw off minute carbon particles which travelled past the positive side of the filament and deposited themselves on the inside of the bulb.

Experimenting further, lamps were made with wires or plates set up between the two legs of the filament and were provided with proper external connections so that their electrical condition could be studied.

FIGURE 1

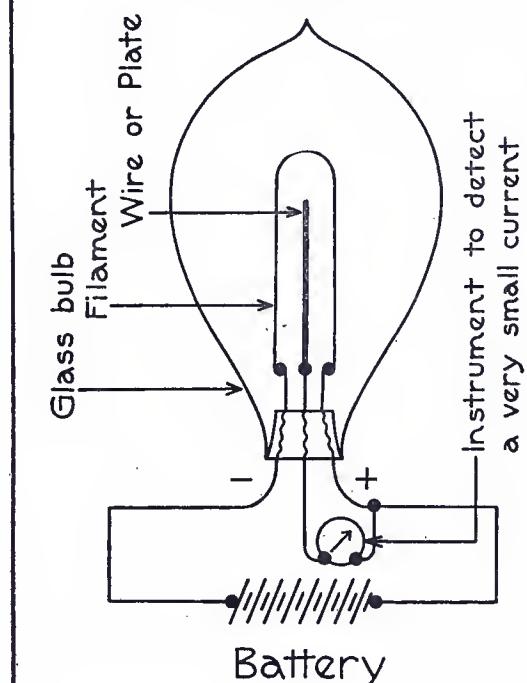


Figure one shows a lamp so constructed. The battery energizes the filament and the "wire or plate" is connected to an instrument capable of indicating a very small current thence to the positive (+) side which leads from the battery to the filament.

When current flows through the filament the instrument is deflected. This phenomenon is known as the "Edison Effect" described in patent application dated November 15, 1883, as follows:

"I have discovered that if a conducting substance is interposed anywhere in the vacuous space within the globe of an incandescent electric lamp, and said conducting substance is connected outside of the lamp with one terminal, preferably the positive one, of the incandescent conductor, a portion of the current will, when the lamp is in op-

(Continued on page 22)

John Greenleaf Whittier

America's great Quaker Poet, whose pen served to help mould
the hearts and minds of all America, through the
Nation's most trying period.

By Eugene McAuliffe

In a house that still stands in East Haverill, Massachusetts, the poet Whittier was born December 17th, 1807. Built at the close of the seventeenth century, sheltering several generations of the poet's forbears, it has in recent years been restored to the condition it occupied when the boy lived therein. The parents of the poet were members of the Society of Friends, more often referred to as "Quakers."

The Society of Friends had its origin in England about the middle of the seventeenth century, its founder, George Fox, the son of a journeyman weaver. From the beginning, the "Friends" took a position apart from other religionists, suffering punishment and persecution for their non-conformance expressed in a refusal to take off their hats, to take an oath in a court of justice or to pay tithes, and for traveling on the Sabbath; they were likewise punished for speaking out while in Church. A short time ago the President of the United States plead for more tolerance in civil life, doubtless such would represent a betterment, but the world has withal travelled far from the days when over thirteen thousand "Friends" were imprisoned, one hundred and ninety-eight transported as slaves and three hundred and thirty-eight died in English prisons or from wounds received in assaults, all within a period of six short years. England was not the only theatre of oppression suffered by the "Friends," who spread out into Ireland, Scotland and America. Women were stripped, tied to a cart tail and flogged in America, four "Friends," one a woman, hanged on Boston Common. Coming from a stock that had its outgrowth in surroundings such as those described, raised in a bleak, drear atmosphere, where poverty and privation reigned, the only books available to the boy Whittier, up to his fourteenth year, the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Journal of the Friends," it is but natural that the life work of the man should reflect the more simple, subdued, side of life. Devoid of magnificent, passion punctuated and flowery passages, there is more of the wayside brook, the timid violet and the common every-day forget-me-not in Whittier's verse. Perhaps if Whittier had been accorded a wider education and travel he might have become a world-poet, rather than the soft singer he was.

The Whittier household consisted of the parents, the boy who is the subject of this sketch, two sisters, Mary, the elder, and Elizabeth, the gentle, a brother and an aunt, Mercy by name, who bore the reputation of being kind, sweetly sympathetic and helpful to all, and as if to add spice and zest to the simple household, there was likewise an Uncle Moses, a bachelor and a genial soul, whose stories of adventure served to enliven the long winter evenings. There also came and went, the Country School Master who "boarded 'round," his visit a benediction, his absence a real source of sorrow. In addition to this homely little circle, there also flitted in and out for brief periods, a strangely exotic young woman, whose personality flared out sharply in the soft gray coloring of that Quaker household. Like a vividly red Cardinal bird, swooping down to alight for a moment in a flock of somber-hued wrens, this "not unfearred, half welcome guest," a Miss Harriet Livermore, the daughter of a Judge Livermore of New Hampshire, came and went. Harriet Livermore was a woman of then strange religious beliefs, a Seventh Day Adventist, who frequently startled the quiet Quaker household by proclaiming the immediate coming of the Lord, today preaching in the township school house, and within a few days thereafter, dancing in a Washington ball room, her father then a member of Congress. Educated, eccentric, tempestuously active always, Miss Livermore set the simple Quakers by the ears. In after years, she spent much time in foreign travel, thundering her beliefs to all who would listen, the twilight of her fanatical career spent in Syria with a tribe of Arabs, who, mistaking madness for inspiration, had accepted her as their prophetess and seeress.

The home life, that was the vital part of Whittier's boyhood, might well be classed as bitter sweet. As before said, books were few, a condition that mattered little to much of the world, but which to the New Englander of Anglo-Saxon and Celtic origin, meant starvation of mind and soul. When the boy had just passed fourteen, a school master, Joshua Coffin by name, loaned him a copy of Burns, and the influence of the Scotsman's simple heart songs sank so far into the youth's soul as to later find expression in his one great masterpiece, *Snowbound*. The

house in which the Whittiers lived was three miles from the nearest village, and its location was such that from the day of its erection to the present moment, no neighboring friendly roof has been in sight. The winters were long and bitterly cold, the dry snow drifting deep as it fell. Wood fires and tallow dips were the vogue, and tilling the harsh rocky soil, tending the farm cattle and getting up firewood, as well as clearing timber to make new fields, were never ending tasks. Twice a week, winter and summer, the family drove to the "Friends'" meeting at Amesbury, eight miles distant. Devoid of heavy clothing or proper wraps, this trip, when made in the winter through drifting snow, represented hardship of the keenest character. On each succeeding winter night, the snow drifted alike into the house and the stable and over all hovered the grim angel of, not starvation, but instead a pitiful privation, for in that little household there was just barely enough, no more, and it was those whose bodies were like whip-cord and steel that thrived. The Whittier's neighbors occupied the same social plane, all were on a common level, there were then no towering financial or social peaks to invite jealousies, such as are experienced today. The boyhood hardships experienced by the poet left him with a shattered constitution, and the younger sister, Elizabeth, gentle, sweet and best beloved, passed into the beyond before life's journey was well begun. Every school boy and girl should enjoy the heritage of a happy childhood, perhaps after all, such was the lot of Whittier; be that as it may, he grew up in a God-fearing atmosphere, with God-fearing parents, a compensation that cannot be well evaluated.

The germ of intellectual activity that was inborn in Whittier soon broke through the harsh soil of his surroundings, and encouraged by his elder sister Mary, the youth sent a poem to the "Free Press" of Newburyport. When the elder Whittier saw the paper containing his son's verse, *The Exiles Departure*, he subscribed for same, and later the editor, William Lloyd Garrison, whose clarion voice in after years sounded loud and clear for the abolition of slavery, made a trip to the farm that he might see and talk to the quiet plow-boy author, then but nineteen. After talking to father and son, Garrison urged an academic education, the father demurring on the double ground that poverty, and the "Friends'" religion, held no place in its theories of life for literary culture. Later Garrison left for Boston and the young poet made the acquaintance of Mr. A. W. Thayer, Editor of the "Haverill Gazette," who in turn pressed a program of education on the boy, even going so far as to offer an asylum in his own home through the school term. Convinced at last that the youth could not bear the physical exactions of farm work, the father consented to the boy entering school, conditional on his earning his own living, which task he undertook by making and selling a cheap slipper for foot wear, entering the Academy in May, 1827, for a term of six months and with a cheerful acceptance of the poverty and privation that beset him, Whittier struggled through a second semester in the little Academy, adding to his meager resources by teaching a district school for a few weeks and by keeping the simple books of a small merchant. At twenty-one Whittier obtained a position in the printing house of The Colliers, then located in Boston, remaining there eighteen months, when, with half of his salary which he had saved, he returned to his father's farm, lifting a mortgage that had long oppressed his parents. Thereafter he soon succeeded his father, whose health was rapidly breaking in the arduous work of managing the farm, death claiming the father in June, 1830, when Whittier was not quite twenty-three. In the meantime the young poet had contributed more than a hundred poems to various publications, writing many others then yet unpublished, his work attracting the attention of many influential men. These were the days of Henry Clay and his virile opponent, Andrew Jackson, the first high tide period of American politics, when men of dynamic force, gigantic intellect and oratorically gifted, strove with each other for a place in the sun. It was then that the dome of the Senate Chamber at Washington resounded to the voices of men who were engaged in rounding out the work of creating a nation, work begun by Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin and others. Between periods that at times burned and seared the very souls of those addressed, were interspersed others, so eloquent as to electrify and enthral the whole speaking world and American genius, American oratory and American statesmanship, rose to heights surpassing those of the days of the Roman Forum ages gone, as well as those of the Parliament of the Mother Country from whose loins the Republic sprang. Space forbids extended review of the later life of the Quaker poet. We have sketched his puritan origin and training, the depressing influences of the cold chilling atmosphere in which his boyhood was spent. Saturated with religion as taught by the "Friends,'" a religion expressed in a deep abiding faith, in God and humanity, and with the definite exclusion from life of all that savored of strife and turmoil, Whittier came to manhood's estate the possessor of a soul attuned to such of life's music as was expressed in a minor key, and so the growing curse of slavery sank into his soul and it was only natural that the voices of the great abolitionists made an appeal to his heart and his pen. Down through the years the poet wrote and sang the glory of God and a love for humanity. The birth of "The Atlantic Monthly" magazine in 1857, a publication which then contained as it does today, all that is best of American ideals and culture,

appealed to Whittier as a fit vehicle through which to express the outpourings of his soul. Bidding farewell to the political hopes through which he had dreamed of accomplishment, Whittier, not however without a struggle, decided to make for himself a place in American literature, believing that therein lay the hope of great moral influence.

Every school boy and girl is familiar with certain brief recitational poems by Whittier. Two of these, *The Barefoot Boy* and *In School Days* will appeal for all time. *Maud Muller* has intrigued the reading world for more than three generations. The poem which purports to be the story of the hopes, imaginings and aspirations of a poor girl, had no real foundation in fact, its origin described by Whittier himself in the following words:

"We had stopped to rest our tired horse under the shade of an apple-tree, and refresh him with water from a little brook which rippled through the stone wall across the road. A very beautiful young girl in scantest summer attire was at work in the hay-field, and as we talked with her we noticed that she strove to hide her bare feet by raking hay over them, blushing as she did so, through the tan of her cheek and neck."

Out of the poet's rich imagination streamed an imagery "Judge," rich, unwed but withal careworn—

"The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

"He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

"And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

"She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

The Judge rode on his way, and returning to her tasks, Maud fell to dreaming, musing to herself—

"Maud Muller looked and sighed: 'Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!'

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door,'"

And then—

"The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I today,
Like her, a harvester of hay;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words.'

"But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

"So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay.''"

Life flowed on wearily for both Maud and the Judge, the maid marrying—

"A man unlearned and poor
And many children played round her door."

In their imaginations, at least, both missed happiness, the poet summing up the situation in eight short lines that expresses about all there is of human experience—

"God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been!'

"Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

"And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!"

The poem *Barbara Fritchie* has lingered long and lovingly in the lips and hearts of all America. The passionate love expressed for the flag, as well as the sublime tribute paid to the Southern Commander, Stonewall Jackson, has endeared these simple little verses to all, both North and South. There is a poignant sadness attached to the career of General Jackson who left his place as teacher to the boys of the Virginia Military Institute, to battle for his beloved State. Leading his beardless boys into battle, this silent Cavalier, scholar, teacher, soldier and Christian gentleman, died at the threshold of his fame from gun shots fired by his own men, the result of a hapless misunderstanding of orders.

The pen of Whittier was not at all times confined to the "soft and low." The evils of slavery and its threatened extension to new territory inflamed the heart and mind of the gentle Quaker poet to the point of bursting. While Whittier was a contributor to "The National Era," a paper put out by the Anti-Slavery Society, the story "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe, first saw light in its columns. During this period, the poet's pen wrote verse after verse opposing slavery, and many of his lines severely wounded those who were slavery's defendants. The poet never married, making his home with women relatives who cared for and tended him through years of sickness and suffering. Neuralgic disorders assailed his weakened body, but with a mind as clear as a silver toned bell, the poet lived on until September 7th, 1892, when he passed away in his eighty-fifth year, his last whispered words, "love to all the world." Just a few weeks before the end he wrote the verses *To Oliver Wendell Holmes*; a man whose soul was as gentle as Whittier's own, the last two stanzas summing up the controlling spirit of Whittier's life.

"The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift void hands alone.

"For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that Gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,
And live because He lives."

SNOW-BOUND A Winter Idyl

A poem dedicated to the household it describes by the author, is here taken in part. The poem in its entirety is worthy of memorization by the youth of our land, expressing as it does, that which is best in life.

The Coming of the Storm—

"The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.

"Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set,
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rythm our inland air.

"Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,

Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.

"Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarthy
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag, wavering to and fro,
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts."

The Father—

"A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: 'Boys, a path!'
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made

A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,

And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;

The horned patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot."

O Time and Change—

"O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still:
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.

We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just,)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must."

The Mother—

"Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cocheeo town,
And how her own great-uncle bore

His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
So rich and picturesque and free,
(The common unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways),"

Uncle Moses—

"Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
The ancient teachers never dumb
Of nature's unhoused lyceum.
In moons and tides and weather wise,
He read the clouds as prophecies,
And foul or fair could well divine,
By many an occult hint and sign,
Holding the cunning-warded keys
To all the woodcraft mysteries;
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
Like Apollonius of old,
Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
Or Hermes, who interpreted
What the sage cranes of Nilus said;

A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began;
Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride
The common features magnified,
As Surrey hills to mountains grew
In White of Selborne's loving view,—
He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got,
The feasts on pond and river dore,
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold,
The bitter wind unheeded blew."

Aunt Mercy—

"Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear,—
The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate,
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness,
And welcome wheresoe'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home,—
Called up her girlhood memories,
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details

And homespun warp of circumstance
A golden woof-thread of romance,
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood;
Before her still a cloud-land lay,
The mirage loomed across her way;
The morning dew, that dries so soon
With others, glistened at her noon;
Through years of toil and soil and care,
From glossy tress to thiu gray hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart.
Be shame to hiu of woman born
Who hath for such but thought of scorn."

The Sisters, Mary and Elizabeth—

"There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.
O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee,—rest,
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things;

How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!
"As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed in the unfading green
And holy peace of Paradise.

Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Dó those large eyes behold me still

With me one little year ago:—
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;”

The School Master—

“Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school
Held at the fire his favored place,
Its warm glow lit a laughing face
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of beard.
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,
Sang songs, and told ns what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.

Born the wild Northern hills among,
From whence his yeoman father wrung
By patient toil subsistence scant,
Not competence and yet not want,
He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way;
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
To peddle wares from town to town;
Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland districts teach.”

The Guest—

“Another guest that winter night
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.
Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
The honeyed music of her tongue
And words of meekness scarcely told
A nature passionate and bold,
Strong, self-centered, sprnning guide,
Its milder features dwarfed beside
Her unbent will's majestic pride.
She sat amoung us, at the best,
A not unfear'd, half-welcome guest,
Rebuking with her cultured phrase
Our homeliness of words and ways.
A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
Swayed the lithe limbs and drooped the lash,
Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash;
And under low brows, black with night,
Rayed out at times a dangerous light;
The sharp heat-lightniugs of her face
Presaging ill to him whom Fate
Condemned to share her love or hate.
A woman tropical, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense,
She blended in a like degree
The vixen and the devotee,
Revealing with each freak or feint
The temper of Petruchio's Kate,
The raptures of Siena's saint.

Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
Had facile power to form a fist;
The warm, dark languish of her eyes
Was never safe from wrath's surprise.
Brows saintly calm and lips devout;
Knew every change of scowl and pout;
And the sweet voice had notes more high
And shrill for social battle-cry.”

* * * * *

“Where'er her troubled path may be,
The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
The outward wayward life we see
The hiddeu springs we may not know.
Nor is it giveu us to discern
What threads the fatal sisters spnn,
Through what ancestral years has runn
The sorrow with the woman boru,
What forged her ernel chain of moods,
What set her feet in solitudes,
And held the love within her mute,
What mingled madness in the blood,
A life-long discord and annoy,
Water of tears with oil of joy,
And hid within the folded bud
Perversities of flower and fruit.
It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate.”

The “Good Night”—

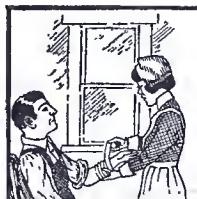
“At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and dullew glow,
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely warning sign
Its black hand to the hong of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke:
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
And laid it tenderly away;
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brands with ashes over.

And while, with care, our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.”

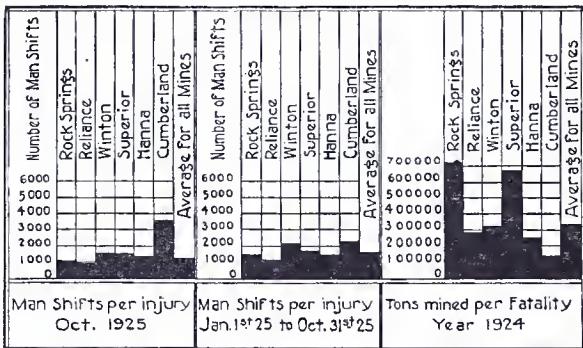
Memorabilia—

Yet, haply, in some lull of life,
Some Truce of God which breaks its strife
The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,
Dreaming in throngful city ways
Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
And dear and early friends—the few

Who yet remain—shall pause to view
These Flemish pictures of old days;
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
Aud stretch the hands of memory forth
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!”



The Accident Graph



IN a recent quarterly report of the Chief Coal Mine Inspector of Wyoming submitted to the Governor, some astounding figures are developed. This report for the three months of July, August and September shows that the number of non-fatal accidents reported to him had increased to nearly double those of the preceding three months, April, May and June. Another and more disturbing part of the report is the fact that the largest increase in the number of accidents is reported from the two companies which are doing the most and spending the most to further safety methods. These two companies are the Kemmerer Coal Company and The Union Pacific Coal Company.

Why this should be is not apparent. It cannot be that the increased production and increased man-shifts are entirely responsible, as the ratio of accidents is much greater than the production rate. During the quarterly period April to June, 495,442 tons were produced by 92,668 man-shifts with 52 accidents. In the following three months the production was 720,671 tons, 118,400 man-shifts and 81 accidents. From this it can be seen that accidents increased 56% while the total shifts worked increased but 28% and production increased 45%.

This may be in part due to the general spirit of "hurry up" that prevails when the mines are working full time and when production is speeded up to the maximum. When the mines are working every day the individual "turn" is generally better and it is evident that if a man loads 10 or 12 cars in a shift he does not take the time to properly watch his roof and attend to other safety details that he would if only 5 or 6 cars were to be loaded.

While but very few serious accidents have occurred, the number of minor accidents is slowly mounting and, as usual, falls of face coal and roof are well in the majority. It is safe to say that 75% of these falls can be guarded against. Do your part, watch your roof, sound the top and let us see if these accidents cannot be reduced to a minimum.

Accidents During October

Driver—Was assisting in the re-railing of a motor, using a jack. While attempting to lower the jack, the handle slipped and his first and second fingers were caught between handle and the jack. One finger was badly lacerated and the other possibly broken.

Miner—In placing a large piece of coal on the car, it broke, falling partly on outside of car. Large piece struck foot, causing bruise.

Miner—While making cap block at working face, his ax slipped and in some manner struck left foot, causing deep gash.

Loader—Was placing sprag in wheel of car and caught thumb between sprag and wheel.

Miner—Was working in pillar work. A piece of coal fell from the rib, permitting parting rock to fall, striking him and bruising leg.

Miner—Was mining at the face. A piece of coal flew from pick striking him in eye. (There were several similar accidents reported during the month).

Miner—Was loading a car of coal and received a small cut which later became infected.

Machine-man—While cutting face of room, machine jack pipe fell, causing great toe on left foot to be fractured.

Loader—Was putting car on track and caught finger between block and car.

Driver—Was pulling an empty car to face of room. Car struck high rail joint, causing him to step off end of car, striking right foot on timber.

Miner—Was pushing his car to face. His foot slipped on tie, causing him to strike his side on corner of car.

Car-trimmer—Was walking down plane. He stepped on a small piece of coal, turning ankle.

Machine-man—Was working at face of slope. Anchor chain broke, permitting truck to run down, striking leg and bruising it.

Miner—Was working at face. Some rock fell from roof, striking him on shoulder. He was knocked down and his right leg fractured.

Miner—Was running his car down room. Car jumped the track, throwing him against a prop, bruising right arm.

Driver—Was pulling an empty car to face of pillar working. He was riding front end of car and as car rounded a sharp curve he was caught between car and prop, and squeezed about the hips.

Miner—Was assisting the driver removing props from car. A prop which they threw on top of pile rolled down, striking him on foot, fracturing a small bone.

New Fan Installations

By J. V. McClelland

DURING the past summer three new fans were installed at The Union Pacific Coal Company mines in order to improve the ventilation. These fans were placed at No. 8 Mine, Rock Springs, No. 3 Mine, Winton and "B" Mine, Superior.

The new fan at No. 8, Rock Springs, is an 8'x5' double inlet Jeffrey rated at 150,000 cubic feet at 1.25 inches water gauge. This fan replaced a 12 foot Murphy, which was a temporary installation used while the mine was under development. The amount of air in this mine has been increased from 32,000 to 60,000 cubic feet by the new fan.

A 12 foot circular shaft 73 feet deep was sunk, and connected with the main return air course. This shaft and about 400 feet of the main return air course have



New 8'x5' Jeffrey Fan, No. 8 Mine, Rock Springs, Wyo.

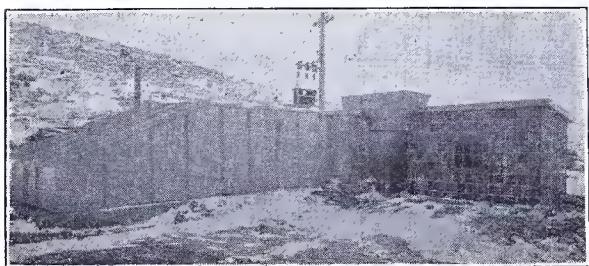
been gunited. This was done to preserve the air course and shaft, and also offer a smoother surface to the travel of air. This section of air course has a cross sectional area of 100 square feet.

A new intake air course now being driven will shorten the distance the air has to travel before reaching the mine workings. When this place is finished the mine will have three intake air courses, one of which will be the manway. While the old fan was in use this manway was a return air course.

The new Jeffrey fan is driven by a 45 horse power induction motor, housed in a new steel motor house. The motor is equipped with an automatic starter. This device is to enable the fan to start running after being stopped by power failure, without keeping an attendant at the fan. A recording water gauge installed in the motor house shows the water gauge readings at all times, as well as recording any stopping of the fan that may occur. This installation is fire proof, and meets all requirements of the Coal Company's recently adopted standards governing such installations.

The improvement in ventilation in the mine is very noticeable. All places now have plenty of fresh air traveling at all times. Also better roof conditions will result from the larger volume of air being in circulation, as it will tend to prevent "sweating," with the resulting caves.

The improvement made at No. 3 Mine, Winton, involved the changing in location of the fan. To accomplish this a new air shaft about 200 feet deep was sunk, the necessary air courses driven and new overcasts built. This shaft was gunited to the point where water was encountered. Although the same fan, motor and control equipment has been used, new steel fan drift and housing was built. Also a hollow-tile motor house. These replace the wooden structures formerly used, and are fire proof. The entire installation was made in accordance with the Company's standards.

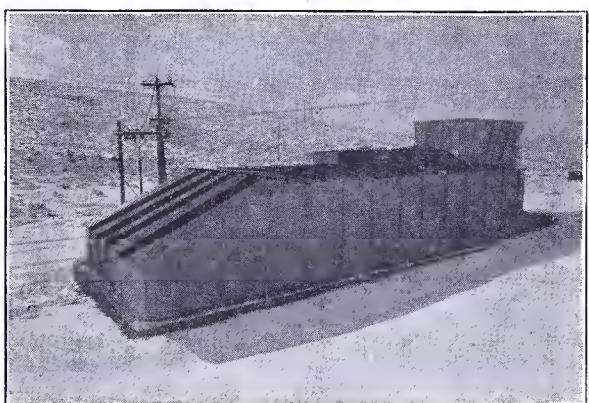


New Fan Installation No. 3 Mine, Winton.

This fan is now capable of handling 150,000 cubic feet of air, whereas in the old location only about 80,000 cubic feet passed through the fan. Of this amount about 20,000 feet was drawn through surface cracks and the thin pillar between main slope and return. Also the position of this fan was such that high winds greatly interfered with its operation. These two conditions made the ventilation of this mine practically impossible at times. The new shaft, so located as not to be affected to any extent by wind, surrounded by thick pillars, and at the lower end of the present workings, will allow perfect control of the air at all times. The result is better ventilation in all parts of the mine.

At "B" Mine, Superior, a new 8½"x5' Vulcan fan has been installed to replace a 44"x54" Sturtevant fan, which has been in use since the opening of the mine. This mine has been developed to the point where the smaller fan could no longer supply the required amount of air. The new fan is of the double inlet, reversible type, rated at 150,000 cubic feet of air at three-inch water gauge. The hood over the air shaft and side drifts is of steel. The motor house is hollow tile, making a fire proof installation. The fan is driven by a 65 horse power induction motor equipped with necessary controls, including automatic starter. The entire installation complies with the requirements of the Coal Company's standards.

A 12-foot circular shaft, 155 feet deep, was sunk and necessary overcasts built to connect with return



New Vulcan Fan "B" Mine, Superior.

air course. This shaft is gunited throughout its entire length. The main return air courses have been cleaned up and enlarged to permit the passing of a larger volume of air. The change in fan location will allow two fresh air intakes to be used in place of one as formerly, also put the manway on fresh air instead of return, as was the case when the smaller fan was in use. These changes have resulted in increasing the amount of air in circulation from 35,000 to 100,000 cubic feet per minute. This amount of air can be increased as the development of the mine progresses.

The result of this new fan installation has been better air in all parts of the mine. With the larger volume of air in circulation better roof conditions will probably prevail in the future.

Rock Springs First Aid Club Gives Annual Dance

SIXTEEN years young with a huge birthday cake, sixteen candles, an enormous number of guests and its entire family right there all helped the First Aid Club of Rock Springs, the parent club of this district, to properly celebrate its birthday—and to make its annual dance a huge success.

Always large, the attendance this year, was enormous. One observed that entire families were there. Even the babies refused to be left at home. Dancing space was at a premium and it was difficult to properly judge the annual contest between Messrs. G. Pryde and Wm. Redshaw.

Upstairs in the dining room, where the birthday cake occupied the place of honor, refreshments were served.

Just sixteen years ago the United States Bureau of Mines sent the first car (now so familiar), with its engineers, to Rock Springs and the first First Aid Association was organized. It has functioned continuously ever since. Many men have been trained by the Bureau and the Association itself has contributed much to the knowledge of first aid among its members. Nor is this its only activity. Last summer it contributed \$100.00 to the Scout Camp fund, and it has from time to time contributed generously to other good causes.

Elijah Daniels is President, John Sorbie is Secretary and George Smith, Treasurer.

Harriman Memorial Safety Medal Awarded to Union Pacific System

THE E. H. Harriman memorial medal for the best record in accident prevention among American railroads for the year 1924—offered through the American Museum of Safety by Mrs. Harriman—has been awarded to the Union Pacific System by the unanimous vote of the committee of award. Honorable mention was made by the committee of the Delaware & Hudson Co. and also of the Duluth Missabe & Northern R. R., both of which have splendid records for the year.

The silver replica of the Harriman gold medal awarded to the division of a railroad which has made the best safety record is given this year to the Western division of the Chicago Great Western R. R. The bronze Harriman medal offered to the employee of the railroad who individually has been most conspicuous in furthering accident prevention activities during the last year was awarded to Joseph Kragskow, assistant foreman in the Omaha shops of the Union Pacific R. R., who in 56 years of continuous railroad service has never received an accidental injury and who more than a quarter of a century before the origin of the "safety movement" had invented several very effective accident prevention devices.

The committee voted honorable mention to H. E. Butler, passenger train conductor of the Nashville Chattanooga & St. Louis Ry., who in more than 40 years of railroad work has never been involved in an accident himself nor in any way responsible for accidental injury to another.

In announcing the committee's decision, Arthur Williams, chairman, issued the following statement: "It should be a matter of great gratification to the country at large that the operation of railroads, once a most hazardous business, has become one of the safest for both employes and public. The Union Pacific System, which received the gold medal, was one of four systems whose data, submitted to the committee, showed not a single passenger killed in train accidents during 1924, though each road had a record of more than 50,000,000 locomotive miles run during the year. In the case of the prize winning system industrial accidents were responsible for only seven deaths and 552 injuries in a total of more than 112,000,000 man hours of work."

"This splendid achievement of the railroads in the prevention of accidents within their control is, however, counteracted by the steadily increasing number of fatal accidents at grade crossings, resulting from the attempts of motorists to beat the train over the crossing. The most serious accident problem of the railroads today—that of the reckless motorist at grade crossings—is one over which the railroads themselves have little control."

The medals will be awarded at a special meeting in New York sometime next month at which the officials of the railroads and the individual employes selected by the committee of award will be the guests of the American Museum of Safety.—*Railway Review*.

(Continued from page 13)

Mean Composition

Carbon	70	—80 per cent.
Hydrogen	4.5	—6 per cent.
Oxygen and Nitrogen	18	—20 per cent.

Class C.

Burns with long, smoky flame; yielding 30—40 per cent volatile matter on distillation, leaving very porous coke. Fracture resinous. Calorific Value 6600—8800
12000—14000 B.t.u.

Class D.

Contains generally over 6 per cent of moisture; disintegrates on drying; streak brown or yellow; cleavage indistinct.

D-1. Moisture in fresh-mined, commercial output, up to 20 per cent.

Fractures generally conchoidal.

Drying cracks irregular, curved lines.

Color generally lustrous black, occasionally brown.

Fuel Ratio.

Fixed Carbon plns	$\frac{1}{2}$ Volatile	=1.8—2.5
Hygroscopic moisture plus	$\frac{1}{2}$ Volatile	
Calorific Value	5500—7200 calories	

10000—13000 B.t.u.

Average Composition

Carbon	60—75	per cent.
Hydrogen	6—6.5	per cent.
Oxygen and Nitrogen	20—30	per cent.

D-2. Moisture in commercial output over 20 per cent. Fracture generally earthy and dull. Drying cracks generally separate along bedding planes and often show fibrous structure.

Color generally brown, sometimes black.

Calorific Value 4000—6000 calories
7000—11000 B.t.u.

Average Composition

Carbon	45—65	per cent.
Hydrogen	6—6.8	per cent.
Oxygen and Nitrogen	30—45	per cent.

(Continued from page 13)

eration, pass through the shunt circuit thus formed, which shunt includes a portion of the vacuous space within the lamp. This current I have found to be proportional to the degree of incandescence of the conductor or candle power of the lamp."

Now the question arises, how is it possible for current to flow in the "wire or plate" circuit when there is no connection between it and the filament?

Suffice for the present that this introduces the modern theory of "electrons," a subject that will be discussed in a later issue.

A subject so old as the "Edison Effect" leads one to ask, would one of these lamps operate as a radio tube? The answer is, yes. Lamps like the original ones have been used in experiments in order to determine how they would function in comparison with modern radio or three-electrode tubes also to find out how close Mr. Edison was to the discoveries that made radio possible.

It was found that it made an efficient detector and compared very favorably with tubes of present day manufacture.

Goodby Old Chinamen. Safe Home.

Many Happy Days in China.

The Story of Nine Old Chinese and Their Return to China.

"OLD Chinaboy makem railroad long time ago, now go to Chiua on railroad, no pay—plenty heap good. Thank you, 'Georgie Plyde!' Thank you, 'Davy Tom.' Thank you, Company. Thank you, everybody.' It may have been the working out of the law of "the eternal fitness of things" that resulted in the nine old and infirm Chinamen, Leo Chung, Ah Sung, Sing Lee, Joe Bow, Ah Sandy, You Kwong, Ah Fan, Ah Chung and Ah How being sent back to their native celestial country to spend the rests of their days with the families they left nearly a half century ago. It may have been. But certain it is that they carried with them the good-will of the American community in which they had lived so long, and certain it is that few accomplishments have brought, to those who had a part in it, the satisfaction that sending these old men home has done.

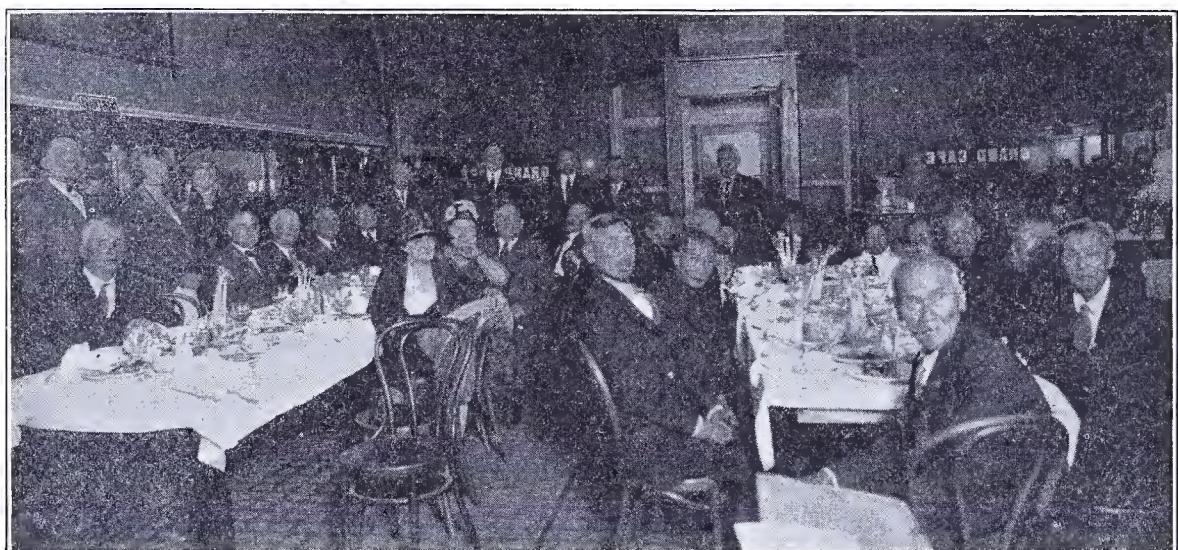
Sometime last June the question of the future of these nine old men, all of whom had given long and faithful service to The Union Pacific Coal Company, and some of whom had been incapacitated for a number of years, was given consideration. A Chinaman always wants to return to China—if not while he lives, his bones are sent—so these men were asked if they would like to return to China if arrangements could be made for them to do so. And old Chinatown buzzed with the prospect, the young Chinese being as happy over the possibility as the old men who were to go. Mr. McAuliffe, President of The Union Pacific Coal Company, went to San Francisco to confer with the Chinese Consul and to work out the details of transportation and endowments, and it was decided that they should sail on the President Taft, November 14th, leaving Rock Springs on the night of the 11th. Early on the morning of the 11th, they had many visitors as they slowly packed trunks, said good-byes to friends, to Chinatown, and to the shrines their homes contained in preparation for their long journey.

In the evening, a banquet and reception was given in the Grand Cafe by the Locals of the United Mine Workers of America in honor of their departing members, the feast prepared by the smiling Lee Wing, manager of the restaurant, and Lee was glad to have a part in this official God-speed. Here there gathered, as the Sartoris City Band played patriotic airs, the Mayor of the City, countrymen of the guests of honor, officers of the United Mine Workers, officials of The Union Pacific Coal Company, and many interested citizens, all happy in the gladness of these old men as they anticipated their home-going, all a little sad, as the old men admitted that while so glad to go home, they were "much sad sore here inside for leave good Company." Mr. G. B. Pryde presided at the "much good talkee" which followed the dinner and much reminiscing took place as the old days were recalled. Judge D. G. Thomas, known to the Chinese as "Davey Tom" who always understood them, through the many vicissitudes of their long sojourn in America, was their official spokesman, and through him, they said their individual farewells to their friends who were present, not forgetting those who were unavoidably absent.

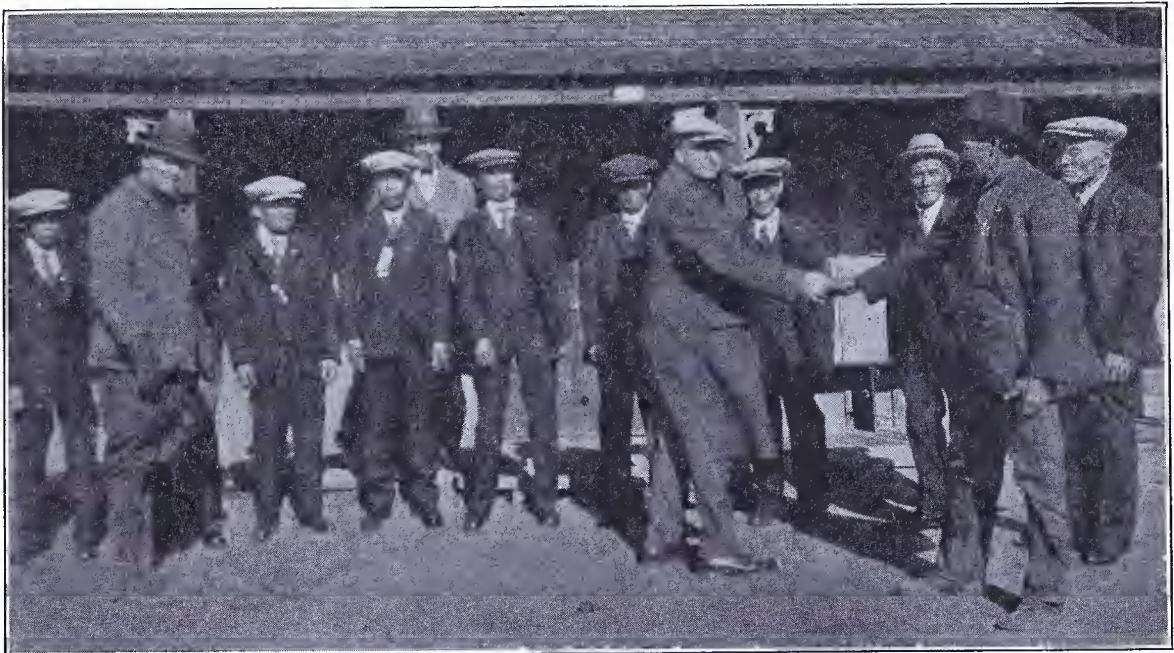
Gracious and kindly to the last, the Old Timers arranged with some of their younger and more fortunate friends to prepare a formal expression of their thanks to those who were sending them home, as well as their fellow employees who looked after the little details necessary to their comfort enroute, presenting to Mr. Pryde for publication in the "Magazine" the following resolution to which each veteran had attached his signature:

We, the undersigned, wish to thank our friends for their generosity, by which we are enabled to return to the land of our ancestors to spend our declining years.

We especially thank The Union Pacific Coal Company and its officials for making this possible; the U. M. W. of A. locals for providing funds for com-



Banquet given by the United Mine Workers of America honoring the aged Chinamen, who were members, on the eve of their departure from Rock Springs.



Messrs. G. B. Pryde, A. W. Dickinson and E. R. Jefferis help the old Chinamen to get ready for their journey.

forts during the trip; and all others who have shown us kindness on our departure.

During our long residence here we have made friends who will be remembered and we shall always have kind thoughts for Rock Springs.

With good wishes for your continued prosperity we are sincerely yours,

LEO CHUNG

廖成
阿生
祖保
勝地
寬明
勝利
根光
亞昌

AH SUNG

SING LEE

JOE BOW

AH SANDY

YOU KWONG

AH FAN

AH CHUNG

AH HOW

Mr. Thomas recalled many of his own experiences with the Chinese miners in the early days, telling of their honesty and loyalty, and their eagerness to get ou with the citizens. He admitted having helped Mr. Pryde to name Ah Sandy but insisted that it was really "Sandy's" long association with the Scots with whom he worked that induced the Scottish characteristics for which "Sandy" is noted. Mr. Pryde then read a telegram from Mr. McAuliffe, President of The Union Pacific Coal Company which he asked Leo Chee, Rock Springs' famous old "Jim", to translate. Jim is very much of a Melican man and said: "Big bossy man heap sorry no can do come to see old Chinaboy—him havee go New York City; likee tell all Chinaboy good work for Company; him heap likee shake hands with all. Say Good-bye," all of which was quite intelligible to the Americans present as

being a fair presentation of the sentiment expressed in the message Jim then retold in Chinese. Mr. Pryde, than whom perhaps no one is better fitted, said he wished to testify to the absolute reliability of the evening's honor guests; he said that no Rock Springs officer of the law had ever been compelled to go to Chinatown because of any trouble the Chinese had started, that they did not quarrel and were always faithful workmen. He wished them God-speed and a long life at home. Mr. George Young, State Vice President of the United Mine Workers of America, had known these old men and many others when he, as a boy, had seen them coming out of the mines and going to Chinatown where lived, at that time, 800 or 1000 Chinese. He had pulled coal with Joe Bow twenty years ago and seemed to be anxious to emphasize the fact that he hadn't been near "Sandy" lest he be accused (with Scottish parentage) of contributing his share to the acquired characteristics of this old Chinaman, whose Americanization seems somehow to have been given a Scottish slant. Mr. Young extended, on behalf of the Mine Workers organization, best wishes for a splendid trip home. Mr. Dickinson said he really couldn't talk Chinese although he was taking lessons from Mr. Pryde and Dean Jim, but he wished to add his good wishes for a pleasant journey home and long life.

If "confession is good for the soul" Mr. John McTee, who admitted playing boy's pranks on some of the old men, ought to feel relieved. He told, too, about the unfailing kindnesses of the Chinese to him and the other Rock Springs boys who visited Chinatown. Mr. Jefferis said he had enjoyed assisting the meu in choosing the new outfits they were given, even if it was 'most like trying to help someone choose an Easter hat while doing your Christmas shopping;' and Mr. Frank Tallmire, who was to accompany the party to San Francisco and see them safely on the boat, was quite sure he'd make as good a chaperone as Mr. Jefferis had been a valet. Mr. Dewar had forgotten his Chinese but used to know Ah Say, the boss of Chinatown in the early days, and he made Mayor Bunning sit up and take notice as he told about the

grandeur of the one-time Mayor of Chinatown. Indeed, if one of these days Mayor Bunning appears with a high hat and other accessories, the question of the hour is apt to change from "who taught Sandy?" to "who taught the Mayor?" Mr. F. L. McCarty's arrival and greeting met with many smiles and "Ahs!" on the part of the old men who recognized a very good friend. Mrs. George Pryde told a happy tale about a Chinese girl (there were few in Rock Springs) with whom she had gone to school and who is now a missionary in China, and Mrs. A. W. Dickinson sang "Perfect Day" and it seemed right to sing "and dear friends have to part." Nor was all the talking done by Americans, for though the Chinese had asked Judge Thomas to speak for them, as the kindly expressions and good wishes were extended to them, Ah How wished to speak for his countrymen and began: "Thank you, Company. Thank you, everybody. Thank you for much goodness to my friends, old Chinaboy. I like to tell how company do well now. I started to work in No. One 29 years ago. I get him \$1.30 a day. Aftel a while I askem for \$1.60. Boss say, 'no can pay Chinaboy that muchee money.' Pretty soon I diggum coal, company takem 200 lbs. slack. I quit. Aftel a while I work on No. One slope—'nother trip he go up and pretty soon coupling he break and car he go back away down mine; my no can find him crossy-cut so trip pretty closee me. I heap scared, pretty near killee. Now you savey long time ago white man heap foolin' Chinaboy. (Referring to Chinese riot). Just now heap good bossy man! Heap good big bossy man! No likee very old Chinaboy work too hard. Now very much careful in mine. Now old Chinaboy no can work —sendum China. Him makem railroad long time ago. Now him go home on railroad, no pay. All Chinaboy heap glad you do this. All Chinaboy here glad. All Chinaboy in San Francisco glad. Thank you, everybody." Then to the train, escorted by the ever-useful "Jim" who was everywhere at once, helping the travellers on, giving them last instructions, giving last directions to the train officials as to their care, directing the young Chinese in the shooting of a perfect

barrage of fire crackers to keep away any evil spirits that might be lurking, and then the nine old men got on the train, whose first roadbed they had helped to build and said their last good-byes to the town, out of which they had not been for many, many years.

When the train pulled out for San Francisco, the Old Timers were not adrift by any means. Mr. Frank Tallmire, Auditor, and Mr. H. J. Harrington, Supervisor of Labor, accompanied them to look after the details of home-going passports, steamship tickets, their entertainment in San Francisco and their general welfare; the purchase of an endowment sufficient to tide over their remaining years and payable at Canton, a provision arranged for by The Union Pacific Coal Company, not the least important detail of their return. To send these old worn out men home without providing for their sustenance would be cruelty, to place them back in the land of their birth with means upon which to live was another story. And now from Mr. Tallmire, who accompanied them to San Francisco, taking his last leave of the veterans on the deck of the steamship President Taft, comes the second chapter in the story of the nine Old Timers and their journey home, a long journey it is true, but one broken by stops at Honolulu, Shanghai, Straits Settlement, Hong Kong and Canton. There is another and final chapter that must perforce remain untold for want of a teller; the story of the sharp tightenings of the heart strings as these sons of this old, old race, glimpse again the shores of their native land, a vision of thatch and tile covered cottages, of shrines and temples, of rocks, trees and soft Chinese skies, all swimming mistily through eyes suffused with tears, through the eyes of all but one, You Kwong, whose sight passed from him some years gone. Mr. Tallmire's story follows:

After "The tumult and the shouting" had died, after the devil had been successfully driven away, by the noise and red glare of the fire crackers, after the farewells and handshaking were ended and our friends Leo Chung, Ah Sung, Sing Lee, Joe Bow, Ah Sandy, You Kwong, Ah Fan, Ah Chung, and Ah How were



One of the two sets of Sacred Vessels from the old Joss Houses at Rock Springs. The Old Chinese, when leaving for home, presented a set of five pieces to both Mr. Pryde and Mr. McAuliffe as a farewell gift.

safe on the train at Rock Springs, they were sad. The next morning, after leaving Ogden, westward across the lake and the plains of Nevada, they were still sad, but smiling, always smiling. In fact, if the names, Leo, Ah, Sing, etc., have any significance in the Chinese language as reflecting the disposition of nature of those who bear them, they must surely mean "Always smiling." A trace of sadness was still with them until the ear ferry at Benicia was crossed the next morning, and then, whether it was the smiling face and greeting in their native tongue of Tom Hon Poo, capable and efficient guide and interpreter, who met them at the Oakland terminal, or the friendly glances of their fellow passengers on the ferry, who were reading or had read an account in that morning's San Francisco papers of their pilgrimage to their native land, their spirits lightened, and the steps of all, even old You Kwong, quickened. Ah Sandy was especially alert, and when the guide remarked that their rooms would cost \$1.00 per day for each man, thinking the charge would be taken from the personal fund given them, loudly protested that it was "too much," surely there is something in a name. Upon arrival in San Francisco, they were taken in the "Zip Go" yellow cabs to the Chinese Y. M. C. A., where rooms were assigned to them in a nearby hotel. After a breakfast of "good China Chow" they were taken to the office of the Consul General for the Chinese Republic, where they were greeted by the Consul, his Assistants, and reporters of Chinese newspapers, who were eager to write the story of their return to China. (They insisted that copies of the papers be sent to "Georgie Plyde" and their other Chinese friends in Rock Springs.) Next a trip to the Canton Bank where Mr. B. S. Fong, President, Chinese Chamber of Com-

merce, welcomed them, evidently had them explain their Old Timer buttons, and praised the Company that had so well rewarded their loyalty and faithful service. Then to the sub-Treasury, where Uncle Sam's servants (some of them, their fellow countrymen) assured themselves that our Chinese friends were not leaving any unpaid income taxes. Here a puzzling discovery was made, the names by which they had been so long commonly known were not their real names at all, for instance, Sing Lee became three high sounding names, which made us wonder whether all these years we had not been entertaining unawares, some prince of an ancient Chinese monarchy. At last when the formalities and requirements of Consulate and Treasury Department were satisfied, under the guidance of the amiable Tom Hon Poo, the afternoon was spent on a sight seeing trip through Chinatown, Golden Gate Park, Cliff House, and other show places of which natives of San Francisco are so boastful. Just what rites were performed in order to dispel the ill luck that even in the minds of Christians attends Friday, the 13th, is not known, but certain it is that no more serious mishap than tire trouble was encountered. That night, the Chinese show was attended, the price of which, "dolla six bits" the ever sagacious and careful Ah Sandy thought "too much" even to hear and see "Chinese boys and girls" sing and dance. Were it not for the long flowery Chinese name appended to him at the Sub-Treasury, one might wonder whether his American name, "Sandy," was not more appropriate, and whether he should not be returning to Scotland instead of China.

On the following day, after passports had been obtained, and the Consul and Mr. Fong had cautioned and lectured them, the party, again a little sad, went



With the last of their American friends to bid them farewell, Messrs. Frank Tallmire, "Happy" Harrington and Tom Hon Poo, a Chinese Consulate Attaché, the old Chinamen, aboard the President Taft, turn their faces toward their homeland.



All that is left of Chinatown, once a large section of Rock Springs in which lived nearly 1000 Chinese.

to the Steamship dock, accompanied by a goodly number of friends and relatives who had been discovered in San Francisco. There their endowments were given them, pictures taken; then amid hand shaking and farewells, of which only "Company good to China boys," "Good-bye to Georgie Plyde," "Good-bye to Mr. Mac," could be understood; All aboard! was sounded, and those for whom a tender place had grown in our hearts, sailed away.

In a popular fiction magazine a few months ago, a story appeared of a Chinese boy, a waiter in a restaurant, who, when business was dull, or patrons few, sang a sad plaintive song of his home in far away China. Always he sang, and as he sang the patrons and those passing by listened and were sorry for poor Ah Lun who was breaking his heart in a strange land. The more he sang the more patrons came to hear him, and to feel sorry for him, until one started a movement to provide means of sending him back to the land of flowers and sunshine, of singing birds and running water, of which he sang so wistfully. Ah Lun, when told of their purpose smiled and seemed appreciative but said nothing. At last, when arrangements were all made, and the appointed day arrived his many friends went to bid him farewell and accompany him to the boat. Ah Lun smiled his thanks and asked permission to step across the street to say good bye to an old Chinese friend. The hour for sailing arrived, but still Ah Lun did not return. His friends, becoming anxious went to the little store across the street and found Ah Lun dead by his own hand, on

the floor. It seems, although he had sung so sadly and so longingly of his home, he did not really want to go back, and yet would rather suffer death than to have his friends know he had misled them.

There is no doubt but that those whom our Company is providing the means to spend their few remaining years with their loved ones in their native land, wished to return there and are truly grateful and appreciative. Yet the receding shores and people of a country that had treated them not too badly were viewed for the last time through dim and misty eyes, and it is safe to say that no matter how happy and contented they are in their dear home land, Leo Chung, Ah Sung, Sing Lee, Joe Bow, Ah Sandy, You Kwoung, Ah Fan, Ah Chung, and Ah How, will always be "heap good 'Melicau man.'"

De Sunflower Ain't de Daisy

"**K** NOW yourself," said the Greeks. "Be yourself," bade Marcus Aurelius. "Give yourself," taught the Master. Though the third precept is the noblest, the first and second are admirable also. The second is violated on all hands. Yet to be what nature planned us—to develop our own natural selves—is better than to copy those who are wittier or wiser or otherwise better endowed than we. Genuineness should always be preferred to imitation.

De sunflower ain't de daisy, and de melon ain't de rose;

Why is dey all so crazy to be sumfin else dat grows?
Jess stick to de place yo're planted, and do de bes you knows;

Be de sunflower or de daisy, de melon or de rose.

Don't be what you ain't, jess you be what you is,
If yo am not what yo are den yo is not what you is,
If yo're just a little tadpole, don't yo try to be de frog;

If yo are de tail, don't yo try to wag de dawg.

Pass de plate if yo can't exhawt and preach;

If yo're jess a little pebble, don't yo try to be de beach;

When a man is what he isn't, den he isn't what he is,
An' as sure as I'm talking, he's a-gwine to get his.

—Anonymous.

Self-Help

Today as never before, everyone is called upon to do his part whatever it may be to encourage and advance industry in this country.

Prosperity is only possible when everybody in practically every industry is employed and working with a will.

Idlers help nobody—not even themselves.

Shall we not in our own interest encourage and urge everyone with whom we individually come in contact—to work?

The largest number working means the greatest prosperity for one and all.

This is Santa Claus Broadcasting

"Hello, Hello, you Union Pacific Coal Company family at Rock Springs and Winton and Reliance and Superior and Hanna and Cumberland. Hello, everybody. Santa Claus broadcasting from Fort Churchill, on the way down from the North."



NO trouble at all now to get Santa Claus on the air. He's getting closer and closer to Wyoming every time the Editor of this magazine hears from him. Oh, what a row! Surely that's static, we thought. Then we heard Santa scolding—yes, actually scolding someone. Next we heard him laughing and then came his voice over the radio. "Did you think Bedlam had broken loose?" it said. "It was just Mrs. Santa insisting that, with all the things I'm planning for The Union Pacific Coal Company children, she'd think they would have my picture in their magazine. That's the way she is about me, you see." We told him to have Mr. Sparks, the radio man, send it and that there just wasn't anybody's picture we'd sooner have than his. And then Sauta (perhaps he was a bit flattered or perhaps he was glad that Mrs. Santa would be pleased) took us right into his confidence and told us about some of his plans for us all at Christmas time. First he told us about—

CUMBERLAND—He had so much to do there that he asked Messrs. Sam Moore, Nat Marchioui, Clarence Bell, Lauri Bergen and Andrew G. Andrews to help him in Town No. 1; and Mr. W. H. Brown to get a nice big committee to help him in Town No. 2. Santa was so glad to know that the school teachers were arranging a program and that the Kensington Club was helping. Then he told me (he's really a very sentimental old dear) that, besides the children's things, the husbands and shieks of Cumberland had been giving him all sorts of thrilling orders, that he most surely hoped all

the ladies would be at the trees in these towns. Then he had us all jumping up and down with excitement as he told us about plans in—

RELIANCE—Do you know Old Santa plans to visit every single home in Reliance as well as have a wonderful tree, all lighted, in front of Bungalow Hall. And just the most efficient and happy folk are going to help him. He got right in touch with the Community Council and, after planning a lot with Mr. J. McPhie, who is the President of it (Santa says he likes Councils that represent all the organizations in town), he had a thoroughly efficient streak and asked all these folk to help him make this a wonderful Christmas for all the children and planned their work for them like this:

General Christmas Committee: Mrs. J. McPhie, Chairman; Miss Prosser, Secretary; Mike Koragi, Treasurer.

Committee from U. M. W. of A: Mike Takis, Matt Mattonen, Dan Hanlon and Mike Davich.

Music: H. H. Hamblin.

Radio Concert: Floyd Roberts, Wm. Banks.

Purchases: Miss Prosser, Mike Takis, J. A. McPhie.

Decorations: Woman's Club.

Electrical Decorations: Richard Gibbs.

Sewing Bags: Relief Society.

Now don't you know Santa is a most efficient old Saint, and don't you know he's going to have marvelous help. And won't he be pleased when he learns that the boys and girls of Reliance are practicing a wonderful group of Christmas Carols to sing for him. It's a surprise for him, and Mr. H. H. Hamblin is directing the singing while Miss Sturholm plays the piauio. And the carols! "Silent Night" and "Joy to the World" and "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem." The very carols Santa likes best. We couldn't help being glad that something was going to be done for Santa and wished we could, somehow, be there when he heard the very first chorus. But Santa went on and told us about—

SUPERIOR—And such a doings as there is to be. The most monstrous Christmas tree that can be found is to be erected out-doors, near the Hall, with electric lights and beautiful decorations, one large enough for all the children of South Superior and Superior, too. And do you know there are 822 altogether. Of course, with a family like that Santa decided to have a great big committee added to the Community Council, with Mr. Harry Wylam as Chairman. Here they are, representing every organization in these towns:

Joe Bertagnoli, Mayor South Superior.

Leo Arnolli, Local Union 2616.

A. Taylor, Local Union 2823.

Geo. Hiles, Local Union 2823.

A. Coughlin, Local Union 2816.

Alphonse Bertagnoli, Local Union-I. O. O. F.

G. N. Green, Superintendent of Schools.

A. Olewai, Local Union 2823.

A. Conzetti, Izaac Walton League.

Mrs. Hansen, Relief Society.

Mrs. Melutosh, Rebecca Lodge.

Mrs. Pecolar, Altar Society.

Mrs. Robertson, The Guild.

Mrs. Matthews, Rebecca Lodge.

Frank Pelican, Mine Foreman's Club.

Nurse Cahill.

Then the manager of the Crystal Theatre told Santa that, in honor of him, he'd invite every single boy and girl to the special show at his theatre on Christ-

mas day. Santa was pleased and he said that he was waiting for a suggestion from someone before he selected a gift for the Manager. We think one of the very pleasantest things about Santa is his willingness to listen to suggestions and plan with everybody. We know he'll be delighted when he learns that so many groups plan to sing carols right around the huge tree on Christmas eve. There will be the—

South Superior School chorus, with Miss Harris directing.

Catholic Sunday School, with Miss Catherine Morris.

Letter Day Saints S. S., with Mrs. G. N. Green.

Union S. S., with Mrs. Mackay.

High School Glee Club, with Mrs. L. Cashman.

Girl Scouts, with Captain Mary Drebick.

And right there in that canyon we know there will be the most wonderful tree all waiting for Santa. And Santa said (please don't tell) that he thought he'd ask some Brownies to help him on Christmas Eve. And now how many children do you suppose there are in—

WINTON—There are 357. Santa said he hadn't been sure. Children will move about and forget to tell him. So he had Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Liddell, Mrs. Haliday, Mrs. Hanks and Mr. Mathias find out for him. He says he does like to know where everybody is and told us about a boy, away up north in Canada, who was forgotten last year just because he failed to find him. Santa said he surely appreciated the folks who found out things for him, and then he told us that these organizations were going to be very useful in Winton: The Woman's Club, The Parent-Teachers' Assn., The Community Council, The United Mine Workers of America Local Union. The Woman's Club plans to make beautiful bags for Santa to fill and are going to decorate the tree—that is, with Messers. Jolly and Speier of the Local Union to reach the high places (though Santa is a little doubtful of Mr. Jolly being tall enough). Then, (isn't it gorgeous the way everybody plans some surprise for Santa) an orchestra made up of Tommy and Dorothy Hom, Blaine and Katie Fowkes and Elaine Benna, is going to play Christmas music. Santa is an adorable person to help out. He appreciates things so. And at—

HANNA—He says he went right to the Community Council, and you know, since every Club is represented there, he very quickly got all the help he needed and that he liked the plans that were made there very much and would most surely be on hand when Christmas Eve came and, just before he left the air, he said that we could all tune in again the very minute we read this message in the Employees' Magazine, that he'd be broadcasting from Station S-A-N-T-A, Christmas Land, North Pole, every single day.

Peace and Good Will

WE are beginning to feel already the sweep of life that hurries us all along to the keeping of the Christmas season; our music takes on a Christmas tone, and we begin to hear the song of the angels which seemed to the Evangelist to give the human birth of Jesus a fit accompaniment in the harmonies of heaven.

This song of the angels, as we have been used to reading it, was a threefold message; of glory to God, peace on earth, and good will among men. Perhaps it is just a two-fold message. First there is a glory to God, and then there is a peace on earth to the men of good will. Those, that is to say, who have the good will in themselves are the ones who find peace on earth. Their unselfishness brings them their personal happiness. They give themselves in good will, and so they obtain peace. That is the true spirit of the Christmas season. It is the good will which brings the peace. Christmas is the time of good will. Many a one in the past year has had misunderstandings,

grudges or quarrels rob him of his own peace; but now, as he puts away these differences as unfit for the season of good will, the peace arrives.

We've all been taught that that is the paradox of Christianity. He who seeks peace does not find it. He who gives peace finds it returning to him again. He who hoards his life loses it, and he who spends it finds it:

"Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

Community Christmas Trees

AGAIN at Christmas the living tree in the Depot Park is illuminated and adorned in honor of good old Saint Nicholas, patron saint of Christmas Day, and again it carries the star which blazes forth the message that this is the birthday time of the Child whose coming was proclaimed by angels and to whose birthplace the shepherds were guided by the Star of Bethlehem. And during the week preceding Christmas Girl Scout carolers will sing, around this tree, the old Christmas hymns which are always a part of the celebration, remembering the angel chorus which sang on the first Christmas Day: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will to men."

And the Rock Springs Community Christmas tree has, this year, two brilliantly lighted sister trees in Reliance and Superior erected out-doors.



Community Christmas tree—live tree in depot yard, Rock Springs, December, 1924.

Christmas Carols Sung in Many Lands

THE first Christmas song was sung nearly two thousand years ago. It had but one performance and was heard only by a handful of shepherds. Yet on this single majestic, jubilant burst of song is founded all the Christmas music that ever was written! All the early morning carols sung at hospitals! All the beautiful rich music sung by surprised choirs in large cathedrals! All the quietly hummed "asleep in a manger" songs crooned by mothers to sleeping babes on Christmas eve!

OH, LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Oh, little town of Bethlehem!
How sweet we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.

Yet in the dark street shineth,
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts,
The blessings of His Heaven.

No ear can hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
When meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

Oh Holy child of Bethlehem!
Desceud on us we pray,
Cast out our sin and enter in
Be born in us to-day.

We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

modern pageant had its origin in the religious celebrations of the European peasant. Songs of easy rhythm and simple words became the music of these occasions. The boys would sing the first phrases, then the girls would take up the air and then both would take up the sweeping chorus. One of the best known French "Noels" is:

NOEL! NOEL! NOEL! NOEL!

The first Noel, the angels say,
To Bethle'm's shepherds as they lay
At Midnight watch, when keeping sheep,
The winter wild, the light snow deep.

The shepherds rose and saw a star
Bright in the East, beyond them far;
Its beauty gave them such great delight;
This star it set not day nor night.

When we speak of any Christmas song, it is our custom to refer to it as a "carol." We say that we are going to "carol." But the word is not ours—we borrow it. Only in England were Christmas ballads originally called carols. Originally the carol singing was confined to men who went about on Christmas Eve singing "Wassail" songs or toasts to the health of those serenaded. The most famous of these old English carols is, "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen."

GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN

God rest ye merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Savior,
Was born upon this day:
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.

In Bethlehem, in Jury,
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessed morn;
The which His mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn.

From God, our Heavenly Father,
A blessed angel came;

And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same:
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by Name.
"Fear not," then said the angel,
"Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour,
Of virtue, power, and might;
To free all those who trust in Him
From Satan's power and might."

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm and wind:

You have guessed, of course, that the first Christmas carol was the anthem of the angels sung to the shepherds of Palestine when the birth of the Christ child was announced. It was music such as mortal man had never heard before, sung by a choir such as men have never heard since. It was a choir of angels.

By this first celestial Christmas music, many composers have been inspired to write. In every Christian land there is Christmas music, some of it seemingly as old as the nations themselves. Here are, perhaps, the best known Christmas carols of three countries. America's most beautiful Christmas song is undoubtedly "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem," written by Phillips Brooks, a bishop of the Episcopal Church.

Christmas songs in France and Belgium are called "Noels" from the French word meaning Christmas. In France the Christmas celebrations were centered around the village church where a little manger was erected and the peasants gathered to sing their songs. The young folks marched to the church led by the Three Wise Men and the Shepherds. Our

modern pageant had its origin in the religious celebrations of the European peasant. Songs of easy rhythm and simple words became the music of these occasions. The boys would sing the first phrases, then the girls would take up the air and then both would take up the sweeping chorus. One of the best known French "Noels" is:

NOEL! NOEL! NOEL! NOEL!

Now by the light of this bright star
Three wise men came from country far;
They sought a king, such their intent,
The star their guide where'er it went.

Then drawing nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem towu it took its rest;
The wise men learnt its cause of stay,
And found the place where Jesus lay.

And went to Bethlehem straightway,
The Blessed Babe to find.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Where this dear Infant lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.

Is there a Santa Claus?

IT IS the same old question. How long will it be asked? Just as long and as often as Christmas comes. And just so long too little children will be answered and reassured and made happy. Last Christmas Eve we spent on a Union Pacific train, going west feeling rather sorry for ourselves because, though Christmas morning would find us with friends, Christmas eve must be spent on the train. We had gone to school in a distant city and were used to "going home for the holidays" and loved the before-Christmas trains that carried students home with huge parcels and few books and many songs and farewells all along the way—a jolly gang chuck full of holiday spirits and "just let loose from school" feeling. But this was different. This was Christmas Eve and students had all gone home already. Most everybody had gone home we thought. But there were some fifteen children on that train. We thought it too bad, too, that Santa couldn't get to them as we watched them during the morning of Christmas Eve. Elderly gentlemen stopped at their seats and asked the usual Christmas-time questions: "What is Santa going to bring you?" "Did you write Santa a letter?" "What did you ask him for?" "How will he get on, there's no chimney here?" That was the rub. No one seemed to know how he could get there. We all knew that Santa needed a fireplace and stockings hung up and red candles and a wreath in the window. We looked at books and told a little girl the happiest story we knew, but still the day looked gray though there was a wonderful snow falling outside and we had Christmas weather most truly.

Then the train stopped. A mysterious person came in asking how many children were aboard. He looked as though he had a happy secret tucked away somewhere that he couldn't keep very well—something like Dad on birthdays—busy too, very busy—like Dad on celebration days.

The very early evening drew in. Lights were lit. The pullman conductor passed and repassed with busy little groups of passengers that looked for all the world, like school entertainment committees. Everywhere we went there were whispering, happy groups; groups practicing "sweet and low" under their breaths, groups openly humming "silent night," digging into suitcases for books, practicing pantomime and even trying dance steps in the corridors. Everybody seemed suddenly to know the names of everybody else and where everybody was going, and who everybody was going to visit. It was Christmas Eve. Christmas spirit was abroad in the land.

Some master psychologist had planned somewhere, for presently, after dinner, everybody was inviting everybody else to "the Tree out in the rear" as though it were his own tree. So many had helped decorate or count or plan or arrange that it was everybody's tree to invite everybody else to. And in the observation car everybody gathered. There was the tree, beautifully decorated! There was the wreath at the window! There mistletoe and holly! There gifts for all the children! There were the children, right up near the tree! Santa must come. Then someone read a telegram from him. He couldn't come and had deputized this man, a fat salesman from Missouri to act for him. An old gentleman held up a little girl whose own daddy had died very recently, to help get her gift right off the tree. A young gentleman of eight deliberated between a huge parcel with a horn sticking out and a drum, made his choice and then offered to take his baby sister's gift to her. Did anybody mind the noise? Not a bit. And when the children had gone to bed, after reciting their "pieces," the Oldsters had a Christmas program with everything from "It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E," à la a girls' camp in Omaha to "The cremation of Sam McGrew," by a Canadian ex-service man from Nova Scotia and Dickens' Christmas Carol retold from New

Orleans. And we decided that the Railroad believed in answering the old question, "Is there a Santa Claus?"

Dickens' Idea of Christmas

HACKERAY says of Dickens' Christmas Carol that it was the most wonderful charity sermon ever published, that it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England and was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas time, caused a wonderful outpouring of good feeling, of Christmas punch brewing. You remember the speech of old Scrooge's nephew in defense of Christmas when he had gone to ask his most crusty old Uncle to come to Christmas dinner and old Scrooge had refused, saying Bah! He wanted nothing of such nonsense. The nephew didn't get cross because his invitation was refused. Instead he said: "I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come 'round, apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that, as a good time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers—and not another race of creatures bound on to other journeys. And therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good; and I say 'God bless it.' " It's little wonder that Dickens' Christmas Carol and Christmas go hand in hand in our thinking. A time "When men and women seem by one consent to open their shut up hearts freely and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers."

The Origin of Santa Claus

WHEN the children begin quizzing about Santa Claus most people are unable to enlighten them. This is probably the reason why Santa is the most storied about as well as the most loved of all Saints, real or mythical. In addition to its religious significance, Christmas is enmeshed in a tangle of traditions and custom, especially in America where we have a blending of the Christmas customs of many nations, an accumulation of lovely legends culled from the lore of many lands. One may choose and accept as authentic, the legend that best fits in with his own imagination, as to the origin of Santa Claus.

One such tells us that Santa Clans originated with St. Nicholas who was a lovable old bishop, in the year 300. He was famous for his kindness to children. It is said that one night, wishing to help a nobleman who was so poor that he had no money for his daughter's dowry, the good bishop looked in at the man's window and saw him sitting by the fire. He then climbed upon the roof and dropped a gold piece down the chimney, thinking it would fall upon the hearth. But it fell in one of the gentleman's stockings, which his daughter had hung up to dry beside the fire. This started the custom of hanging stockings over the fireplace and the legend of Santa coming down the chimney.

A Santa Claus Answer

MOTHERS have all had the experience of having someone give their children some Christmas teachings foreign to their family tradition. Once a little girl who had been told that there was no Santa Claus, contrary to her mother's Christmas tale, went to the great editor Charles A. Dana for confirmation of her faith. This is what he wrote her.

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible to their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be

(Continued on page 36)

Old Timers' Page

Lao Ah Say

By W. K. Lee

The sending of the nine old Chinamen back to China and the passing of Old Chinatown has recalled the days when there were more Chinese than Americans in Rock Springs, when the celebration of the Chinese New Year was a marvel of pomp and splendor. Our Old Timers will enjoy this story about Lao Ah Say, head of the Chinese colony, written by Mr. W. K. Lee, who knew him very well indeed.

EDITOR.

THE subject of this brief sketch, Lao Ah Say, or as he was better known—Ah Say, came to Wyoming after the completion of the Central Pacific Railroad, where he had been employed with his partner, Ah Koon, handling the Chinese laborers who were employed on the construction of that road. When Ah Say came to Wyoming, he stopped at Evanston after dissolving his partnership with Ah Koon and his connection with Session, Wallace & Company. He then formed a connection with Beckwith, Quinn & Company of Evanston, taking over the management of the Chinese miners and laborers at Almy and Rock Springs. He was engaged in this work up to the time of his death in February 1898.

At one time there were over nine hundred (900) Chinese miners and laborers employed in and around the Rock Springs mines. Chinatown then was quite a town, though one would hardly suspect that such was the case when taking into account the few houses that remain today.

Ah Say was kindly, benevolent, and progressive; always willing to help the needy and the sick, regardless of nationality. He it was who purchased and brought to Rock Springs the Great Chinese Dragon, which always appeared in procession at the end of the Chinese New Year celebration. It is easy for those of us who were here at the time to visualize Ah Say marching at the head of the parade, walking cane in hand, dressed in a brand new suit of American clothes, followed by his people carrying large firecrackers strung on poles. Then came the "teaser" carrying a bamboo pole on which were two party-colored squares, which were revolved immediately in front of the Dragon in order to irritate it and make it more ferocious in destruction of the devils or evil spirits supposed to infest the town. The Dragon was some sixty-five or seventy feet long, requiring over fifty men to carry it. Then followed a large number of men arrayed in ancient Chinese costume and carrying battle axes, spears, swords, and other implements of



Old Time Chinese Dragon Float.

Chinese warfare. These men were members of a secret society. Men beating gongs, exploding bombs, and firecrackers were scattered throughout the procession, and the din and racket was at times deafening.

Ah Say died in February 1898, as he had lived, a real Chinese in every sense. The day before he died, he sent one of his men to the Coal Company's office, requesting the writer and some others to come over to see him. We, of course, immediately called on him at his house in Chinatown, and found him arrayed in a magnificent Chinese costume. As usual, he was very hospitable. When we arose to leave, he told us he would die that afternoon. His prediction came true, for in a comparatively short space of time, that afternoon, one of the boys told us that Ah Say had died.

Ah Say was given an elaborate funeral by his people and his body was returned to China for burial. Thus passed on Lao Ah Say, one of nature's gentlemen.

Theodore P. Henkell Another Old Time Employee and Pioneer Passes On

By T. H. Butler

AS announced in last month's magazine, the many friends of Theodore P. Henkell, an old time employee of the Union Pacific Railroad and Coal Company, were shocked and grieved to learn that he had been seriously wounded at his home in Denver on October 11th, by the accidental discharge of a revolver, an injury from which, on account of his age, he could not recover. Death relieved him from his sufferings at 8:20 p. m. on October 24th.

Funeral services were held from Olinger's Mortuary and interment took place in Crown Hill cemetery on Wednesday, October 28th. The beautiful and impressive funeral services of the A. F and A. M., of which order deceased was an old and honored member, were used at the grave.

Theodore P.
Henkell

Theodore P. Henkell was born in Sweden in the year 1844 in the month of May and was in his 82nd year. Coming to America in the year 1868 he located in Omaha, Nebraska, where he found employment with the Bridge and Building Department of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, he being a carpenter by trade. Leaving Omaha and the employ of the Railroad Company he journeyed to Rock Springs and entered the employ of The Union Pacific Coal Company as a miner in the year 1870. Later he was transferred to Carbon. He worked as a carpenter there and in Hanna until the year 1923, at which time he retired and made his home in Denver.

Mr. Henkell was a Mason of high degree, an Odd Fellow, a member of the Knights of Pythias, and of the Woodmen of the World. He was a man highly esteemed by all who knew him, was honorable in all business affairs, was of a kind lovable nature, and in his passing we mourn the departure of a wise counselor and a sympathetic friend. To his loved ones we extend our deepest sympathy.

Mrs. Sarah Clegg

IN the death of Mrs. Sarah Clegg on Monday, October 12th, Rock Springs lost one of its pioneer mothers, one of its very earliest residents. Mr. Clegg will be remembered as one of the very earliest miners of the district. He opened up No. 7 Mine. He preceded Mrs. Clegg to the Great Beyond seventeen years ago.



Mrs. Sarah Clegg, one of Rock Springs' pioneer residents, gone

She is survived by one son, Arthur Clegg, who works at No. 2, Rock Springs, and by two daughters, Mrs. Emma Webster and Mrs. John Ross of Delta, Iowa, all of whom were with their mother at the end and to whom we extend our heartfelt sympathy in their loss.

Mrs. Mary McLeod, Superior

ONE scarce needs to be told the birthplace of Mrs. McLeod, so little has her speech changed in her thirty-two years' residence in this country, so accurately does she reflect the land of Burns, near whose home she was born in Ayr, Scotland. She came to America thirty-two years ago, first to Park City, Utah. Now she has resided in Superior some fifteen years, where most of her family live.

Miss Annie McLeod of the Superior Store, Mrs. A. C. Moore, and Mrs. Marian McLean are daughters. One daughter, Mrs. Bert Brown, lives in Salt Lake City and her two sons, James and Murdock, belong to Superior.



Mrs. Mary McLeod, Superior

remembers Scotland as the most beautiful place she has ever seen and she'd like to see it again but loves the hills of Wyoming too, and will always want to be where she can see her grandchildren often. She couldn't do without the association she has with them.

Mrs. McLeod remembers Christmas Day in Scotland. It was kept more quietly than here. New Year's Day is the greater celebration in Scotland.

Mrs. McLeod lives on "C" Hill in Superior and, with her always unfailing kindness and wholesomeness is a joy to all her friends.

Mrs. McLeod says she

Old Time Tales and Reminiscences of the Early West

By Joseph Walton - Hanna

This is the second Old Time Story by Mr. Joseph Walton of Hanna, who is at present confined to a hospital bed suffering from severe injuries received several months ago, the first story published in the November issue.

On July 2nd, 1878, I decided to leave the northern part of Colorado, and try the southern part, reaching Coal Creek on July 4th. In those days what is now known as Florence was called Labran, and there was no depot, only a platform and a section house near by.

Work was very slack around Erie and the northern part of the state, and one of my pals had been to Denver ascertaining that work was to be had at Coal Creek. Mr. W. W. Borst was then Superintendent of the D. & R. G. Railroad, and was shipping men from Denver, so I asked him if he wanted any more men, and he said he did and asked my pal and I if we had any tools and we told him we had but that they were at Erie, and that we would have to go back for them. He seemed to think that we wished to stay around Denver until after the 4th, but such was not the case as we were ready to go at any time. He suggested that one of us go to Erie for the tools, and cuts were drawn to see who would go. I drew the short cut and the task fell to me, the other boys going down to Coal Creek that day and another man and myself gathered the tools, ten sets in all, and hired a team to take us to Denver.

Upon our arrival at Labran, about 10:00 P. M., we were unloaded on the platform. We had been there only a short time when a Mexican laid down beside me, and no doubt thought I was asleep, as he started to put his hand in my pocket to see if there was a little change. I remained perfectly still, thinking of a line of action to follow and concluded to let him put his hand in my pocket, then roll over on him, and hold him until my partner could be aroused and help me, but the Mexican got wise, moved on, and we were not bothered again during the night. It was very hot and I did not sleep much so was up bright and early in the morning, went to the section house, had breakfast, inquired from the section foreman, the direction of Coal Creek, and the distance and he pointed the way and told us it was two and one half miles. We then asked him when there would be a train going that way and he said he did not know, as sometimes there was only one train a week. We informed him we had ten sets of tools on the platform and asked him how we could get them to Coal Creek. He said: "take the push car and leave it there, and I'll get it later" so we loaded the tools we would need the most, pushed the car up the three per cent grade, a distance of two and one half miles, and left the balance for him to bring up later. We arrived at Coal Creek before noon, met the boys that had come before us who informed us that there was to be a dance that evening which we attended. There were only four ladies in town all told, but there was plenty of refreshments so we all had a good time. We started to work the following morning and worked steadily the balance of the summer.

In February, 1879, railroad construction was begun by the A. T. & S. F. and the D. & R. G. and the war for the right-of-way through the Royal Gorge was on. Some of the boys went to war about the last of February, and on March 3rd, 1879, thirty more were mustered in, I being one of the thirty. The Santa Fe had possession of the D. & R. G. by lease, so we had to travel by wagon to Spikeback, which was about twenty-five miles west of the Royal Gorge.

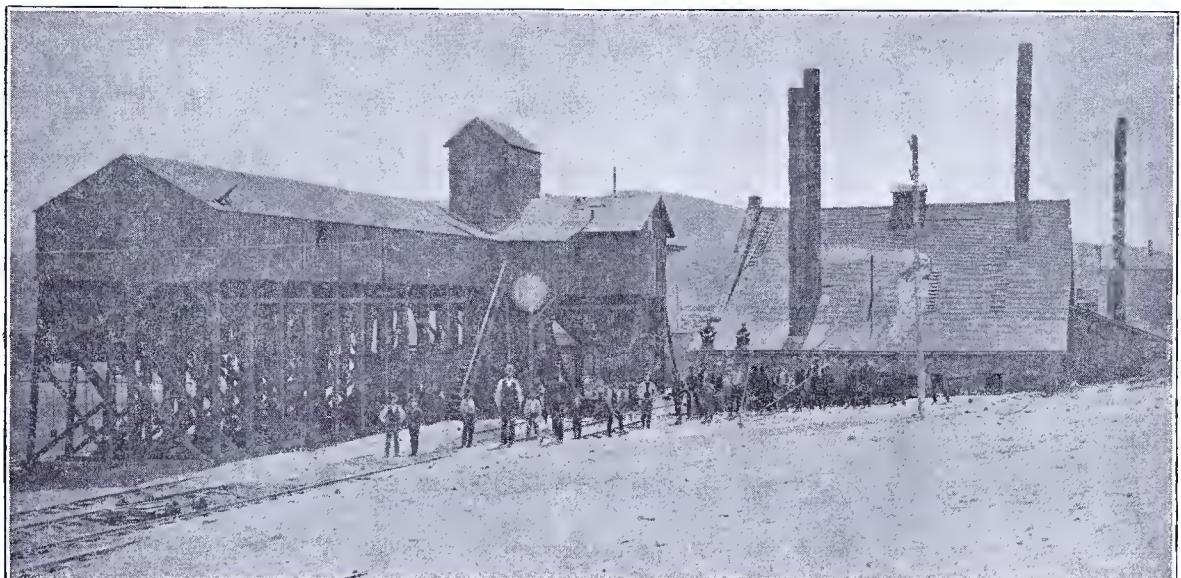
When we arrived at Canon City, (twelve of us), we thought we would walk through the gorge, as we had never seen it. After walking about twelve miles we arrived at Parkdale and there caught up with the

Santa Fe work train which was in for dinner. Being very hungry, we asked the boss what the chances were for dinner and he took us in and gave us a good feed. After dinner he inquired if we wanted to go to work; we told him we were on our way to Leadville, he said they were going up the line about ten miles, and that we could ride as far as they were going, which was one mile from our destination. We reached our camp, on the opposite side of the river in due time, but in order to get there we had to walk a plank and one of our men, Coley Stirges by name, fell off the plank into the river. We pulled him out and when we arrived at camp, he was court martialed and put on double duty for five days for being drunk. We knew that he was not drunk, but it was no use to say anything as they knew better, and it was then we learned that we were soldiers and were supposed to act accordingly. We were assigned to different companies, my company being under command of Captain John E. Davies. We were given the countersign and went on guard duty in our turn, having been instructed to stop and make any person approaching give the countersign. I had been on duty several nights, (not always at the same post) and on a certain night was sent out with one Dick Wilkinson. We made the rounds of our beat every twenty minutes, and rested ten minutes, so we built a fire by the side of a large rock to keep warm during our rest period. During one rest period, we heard some one coming up the trail, and Dick said, "I bet it is the Captain coming to see if we are asleep." As he was coming on my beat, I started toward him, and when I was sure of his identity, I fired a shot in the air, shouting "Halt!" He halted and shouted, "Don't shoot." I commanded him to "advance and give the countersign." He advanced and said to me, "You fool, you must not shoot before you give the command to halt. You might have shot me." And I said, "Yes, I might." But he never came that way any more. I expect he remembered the fate of Stonewall Jackson, since he was a veteran of the Civil War.

One day the mail carrier, John McNeil, came in with a letter supposed to be from General Palmer, who was then president of the D. & R. G. Railroad, and the gong sounded, which meant a meeting to hear the let-

ter read. Mr. George Hadden, then Superintendent of the mines at Coal Creek, made the first talk, told us of this important letter, and then asked Mr. McNeil to read it. It was a very nice letter, praised us very highly, finally wound up by saying that he expected a struggle, and in such case all forces were to be turned over to Captain John E. Davies. You should have seen Davies grow, he was here, there, and everywhere, and his orders were plentiful. On the 3rd of May, 1880, the men from Coal Creek were ordered home, and I thought we were through with the war, but we arrived at Coal Creek about 8:00 P. M., went to supper being told to attend a meeting after supper, which we did. Mr. George Hadden was there, and he informed us that he was going to send us to Pueblo by wagon, the start to be made that night. We had no Captain but there was a man in the party by the name of Ballard with aspirations to be Captain, but we did not want him, so Mr. Hadden said we could hold a meeting on the way to Pueblo and choose our own Captain, which we did, one Lew Jones being elected our papers handed over to him, and he was to report to Jim Orman, who was a member of the firm of Calial, Orman, and Crook, Construction Contractors for the D. & R. G. Railroad. On our arrival at Pueblo, our Captain went in search of Orman, and told us we could eat at Dutch's, and sleep anywhere in South Pueblo that we could find a bed not occupied. That seemed fair enough, but, when I thought the matter over, it occurred to me that they might all be occupied with customers that I could not see so I did not care to take a chance. There was an old Civil War veteran with us, Fatty Jones by name, and we espied a pile of straw in a pen, receiving permission from the owner to sleep there.

We were now all fixed for eats and sleeps, but where to get our morning "eye opener" without paying for it bothered us quite a little, until one morning we went to Dutch's, the latter being on the job himself. When we offered pay for our drink, he said, "Are you men not working for the D. & R. G. Railroad?," and I said "we were," he told us "we were fools for paying for drinks, as he was charging them all to the D. & R. G. Railroad," so we paid for no more drinks. Pretty soft, we thought, and after that Dutch's place



Mine No. 1, Carbon, opened in year 1868; closed in 1881. The tall man in foreground, wearing straw hat is Mine Superintendent Wm. Robinson. Others not known.
Photograph taken about year 1870.

was very popular, so much so that we had trouble getting to the bar, and we tried another place, telling them we were D. & R. G. men. The plan worked very well, and the drink problem was solved as long as we stayed in South Pueblo. If by chance we went over to North Pueblo we had to be Santa Fe men. In those days Pueblo was two towns, namely North Pueblo and South Pueblo, the river being the dividing line, and all we had to do was remember which side of the river we were on, as the Santa Fe men were stationed on the North side and the D. & R. G. men on the South side.

I want to say a word about the South side Marshal, whose name was Pat Desman. He was a brute—I have seen him arrest a drunken man, make him walk a twelve inch plank to the jail door, knock him down with his gun, take his money, throw him in jail and that would be the last the man would see of his money. After he sobered up, he would be turned out, cut and bruised. Desman received his just deserts, as he was killed by a man named Tom Todd, at Ogden, Utah.

After being in Pueblo about six weeks, we were ordered to report to Mr. McMurtry, then Chief Engineer of the D. & R. G., who informed us that we were going to take the Office and Round House and we were all given Deputy Sheriff's badges, divided into squads of twenty five, there being four squads or one hundred men, all told. As we were marching toward the offices, frame buildings, one of the men fell out of line, and commenced to work the lever of his gun to see how it worked. The gun was taken from him, and he was given a pick handle. Our squad was stationed close to where the south track came in from Trinidad, and we were instructed to stop any break that might be made by the men in the round house, as it was supposed that the Santa Fe had a large number of men there. Pat Desman, the Marshal, with his squad, and two others were to charge the offices. Ben Thompson was in charge of the Santa Fe men, holding the offices, and after some parleying, Sheriff Price finally gave them three minutes to vacate. At the expiration of the three minutes, Desman said, "Well, here we go boys," battered down the door with the butt-end of his rifle, whipped out his revolver and started shooting. The balance of the squad took positions at windows and also began shooting. I expected, when the smoke of the battle cleared away, to see at least fifty dead and wounded, but to my surprise only one man was shot, he being hit in the back. It looked as if they were all trying to get out the back door.

About this time Ex-Governor Hunt came up from the South with a string of box cars, the top of the cars loaded with men, and they commenced shooting over our heads. Hunt got on top of the cars, waved his hat as a signal to stop shooting, but they only shot the faster, he then pulled out his revolver, and ordered them to stop shooting which they did, and I was very glad of it, as some of those bullets were striking very close to us. The Sheriff then told us that we would take the round house, but that there must be no shooting, until he gave us the command, as he did not want anyone killed. This sounded good to me, as upon reaching the round house he took a small bar, pried the doors open and marched in ahead of us. The pits under the engines were full of men, the command being given to come out and line up, assuring them no harm would come to them, and we all marched over to the north side on Santa Fe Avenue. The Sheriff took us into a saloon, mounted a table and made a splendid talk, telling the prisoners that they were at liberty, and could get all they wanted to eat or drink there, (I think the name of the Saloon was the Arkansas Beer Hall.)

I went on guard duty that night (for the first time since our arrival at Pueblo) at 11:00 P. M., and was stationed at the South side of the round house. The night was very dark, rain falling in torrents. Fatty Jones was stationed at the west end and Archy Hay at the east end. Fatty said to me, "Kid, I am tired of this, and I would rather be in the blankets." Being

a Civil War veteran, he knew how to arrange matters, so it was but a short time before we retired for the night.

We did not do any further guard duty in Pueblo, but rode the train from Pueblo to Canon City and return, until the 12th of July, when twelve of us were sent back to Spikeback, where we remained until December 20th, returning to Coal Creek, resuming our work as miners, thus ending the war between the D. & R. G. and Santa Fe Railroads for the right-of-way through the Royal Gorge. All the sores, bruises, and scars, left by the battle must have healed many years ago, as both roads are now using the same tracks in many places.

Death From Botulism Claims Four Children at Hanna

THE community of Hanna was shocked and grieved at the sad news of the death of the four children of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Collins, which occurred on Sunday, November 22nd, from Botulism, caused by eating canned devilled ham. The four children and the father partook of a lunch of devilled ham sandwiches about 1:00 P. M. on Saturday, November 21st, with apparently no ill effects until about 1:00 o'clock Sunday morning, November 22nd, when the children complained of feeling ill. Doctors were immediately summoned who did everything in their power but without avail. Mary, aged 15 years, Johnnie, aged 9 years, and Anna, aged two and one-half years, passed away within a few minutes time; Willie, aged 13 years, was taken to the Hanna Hospital, and everything that was possible was done for him but he, too, passed away at 2:30 P. M. on Sunday, November 22nd. Dr. Jeffrey and Coroner Pickett were summoned from Rawlins, and Dr. Anderson, State Health Officer, was summoned from Cheyenne and an autopsy was held, the cause of death being determined as Botulism.

Mr. and Mrs. Collins have made their home here since their marriage, and the departed children, their entire family, were born and reared here, and the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community goes out to the grief stricken parents in their sorrow. Funeral services were held from the Catholic Church on Wednesday, November 25th, at 10:00 A. M., Rev. Father McDonald officiating, and interment was made in the Hanna Cemetery. Many beautiful floral offerings were in evidence, and the love and esteem in which the parents and departed children were held was evidenced by the large concourse of friends that attended the ceremonies.



(Continued from page 31)

men's or children, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge. Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith there, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished. Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your Papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not; but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world. You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and glory beyond. Is it real? Oh, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding. No Santa Claus? Why he lives and lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

Out With It!

If with pleasure you are viewing
Any work a man is doing;
If you like him or you love him, tell him now.
Don't withhold your approbation
Till the parson makes oration,
As he lies with snowy lilies O'er his brow.

For no matter how you shout it,
He won't really care about it;
He won't know how many tear-drops you have shed.
If you think some praise is due him,
Now's the time to slip it to him—
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

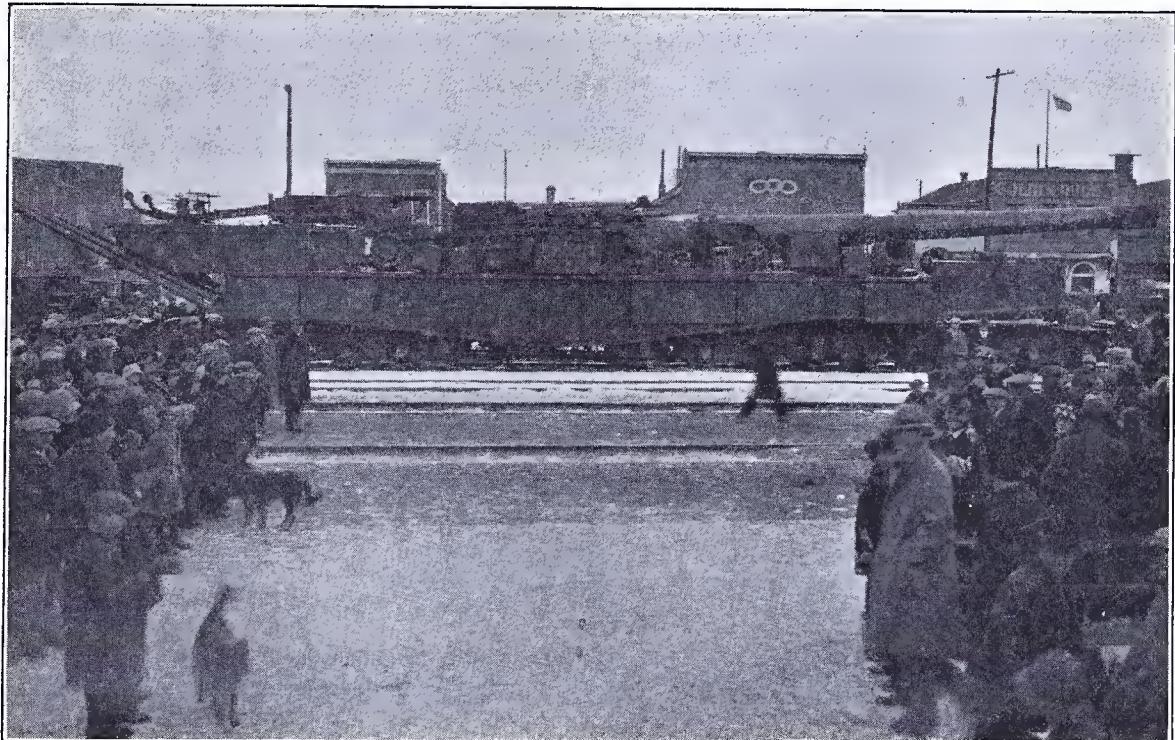
More than fame and more than money
Is the comment kind and sunny,
And the hearty, warm approval of a friend.
For it gives to life a savor,
And it makes you stronger, braver;
And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.

If he earns your praise, bestow it;
If you like him, let him know it;
Let the words of true encouragement be said.
Do not wait 'till life is over, and he's underneath
the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

Large Part of Your Income for Taxes

THE average able-bodied citizen spends an hour and twenty minutes of each day to make the money necessary to carry on his or her share of the expense of government, according to Roger Babson, in a recent analysis, which also shows that one-sixth of our national income goes to pay taxes, either federal, state or local.

—From Street Car Topics.



Big Army Gun shown at Rock Springs, Sunday morning, November 15th, 1925.

**A Rara Avis**

A prospective buyer walked into a garage and said to the proprietor: "I would like to see a first-class second-hand car."

The proprietor looked at him and smiled as he replied: "So would I, brother."—The Automobile Journal.

Inconclusive Evidence

Judge (to convicted burglar): "Have you anything to say before sentence is passed?"

Burglar: "The only thing I'm kicking about is bein' identified by a man that kept his head under the bedclothes the whole time!"—Ex.

Amenities

"It must be three years since I saw you last. I hardly knew you—you have aged so!"

"Really! Well, I wouldn't have known you except for that dress!"—Royal Magazine.

Too True

Grandmother: "Johnny, I wouldn't slide down those stairs!"

Little Boy: "Wouldn't? Why, you couldn't."—London Sunday Express.

Nothing More to do With Him

"Yes," said the girl, "it's all off between me and Jack. He was simply impossible. He criticized the way I dressed, and objected to my friends, and was constantly breaking dates with me. Then on top of that he eloped with another girl, so I just made up my mind if he was going to act that way I wouldn't have anything more to do with him."—The Armour Oval.

That Independent Spirit

First Water-Baby: "I-isn't the w-water t-terribly e-cold, to-day?"

Second Water Baby: "Yes, I w-wouldn't have g-gone in, only m-mother t-told me n-not to!"—Punch.

Playing Both Ends Against the Middle

One of the witnesses at a royal commission appointed to inquire into a case of alleged bribery in an election, stated that he had received \$25 to vote Conservative, and in cross-examination it was elicited that he had also received \$25 to vote Liberal.

Mr. Justice Matthew, in amazement repeated:

"You say you received \$25 to vote Conservative?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And you also received \$25 to vote Liberal?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And for whom did you vote at the finish?" asked the astonished judge, throwing himself back in the chair.

And the witness, with injured dignity in every line of his face, answered with great earnestness:

"I voted, my lord, according to my conscience!"—Vancouver Province.

Overworked

Hubby: Why are you angry at the doctor?

Wifey: Just think. When I told him I was so awfully tired he asked to look at my tongue. Think of it—my tongue.—Boston Globe.

In Time

"Where is Bill taking the car?"

"He's going to a matinee."

"There isn't any matinee until tomorrow."

"Well, he's got to find a place to park, hasn't he?"

A Reason

Stranger (at gate)—"Is your mother at home?"

Youngster—"Say, do you suppose I am mowing this

backyard because the grass is long?"

All yours Now Dad

The whole family owns the car. That is, when the car is idle it is mother's car, when it is in use it is the children's car, and when disabled or with a tire down it is dad's car.—Pratt (Kan.) Republican.



Lillie Berta of the Beavers and Hattie Edom of the Owlettes, Honor Scouts chosen by the Girl Scouts at Aspen Ridge Camp.



Marian Chambers of the Bluebell Troop, one of the three Honor Scouts at Senior Girl Scout Camp, 1925.

We Americans

James Gordon Bennett

The Man Who Published the First Real Newspaper

FEW of us realize how much our newspapers mean to us until, perhaps, we are marooned somewhere without them for a time. We've all had the experience of being on a camping or other trip, of missing the newspapers for a period and of having the feeling of never being able to quite catch up on the news of that period.

The man who first introduced people to the modern newspaper was James Gordon Bennett, and it is interesting to learn that the man who did this service was not a native-born American but a Scotchman. Before his venture the daily newspapers were not NEWS papers. As one biographer puts it, "he paved the way for things that were revolutionary in that day, though commonplace now."

Bennett was born in 1800 at Newmill, Banffshire, Scotland. His parents sent him to the Seminary at Aberdeen to be educated for the Roman Catholic Priesthood. He had an absorbing love of reading and was strongly impressed by reading the life of Benjamin Franklin, written by himself. Singularly this proved to be the lodestone that drew him to this country. Meeting a friend one day in 1819 who was planning to come to America, he immediately told him he'd come too as he was anxious to see the place where Franklin was born. He arrived at Halifax, Nova Scotia, without knowing anyone in this land and with only twenty-four dollars in his pocket.

During the next sixteen years he had varied opportunities to get in touch with journalism, working first as a proof reader for the publishers of the "North American Review" in Boston; then in 1822 as Spanish translator and assistant for the "Courier" of Charleston, S. Carolina. In 1827 he was Washington correspondent for the "Inquirer" of New York.

It is interesting to know that he was a vigorous supporter of President Jackson and Vice President Buchanan, but it is said that his experiences with politics were so disappointing that he finally abandoned them entirely.

On May 6, 1833, he issued the first number of the "New York Herald," a small sheet of four columns, from his office in a cellar. For some time he did all the work on it himself, rising early and retiring late. He was reporter, editor, bookkeeper—everything. The paper attracted attention because of its extreme frankness concerning people and things. At this time some of the editors of the six-cent dailies were heavy speculators and used to print articles intended to affect the value of certain stocks. Mr. Bennett did not hesitate to assert that these editors were "truly unfit by nature and want of capacity to come to a right conclusion on any subject. They pervert every public event from its proper hue and coloring, to raise one stock and depress another. There is no truth in them."

It is said, too, that not only was mud slinging indulged in by editors of this time but that even some of the most noted did not hesitate to attack each other physically as well as mentally. On one occasion Bennett was knocked down by a rival editor and retaliated by writing up the event in his paper, the "Herald," in the following fashion:

"The fellow no doubt wanted to let out the never-failing supply of good humor and wit which has created such a reputation for the 'Herald,' and appropriate the contents to supply the emptiness of his own thick skull. He did not succeed, however, in rifling one of my ideas. He has not injured the skull. My ideas in a few days will flow as freely as ever and

he will find it out to his cost." Little wonder that his circulation went up to 9000 copies because folks, from their fairy story days through life, enjoy an example of the triumph of wit over force.

Bennett introduced into the "Herald" many new things that have now become common to almost all dailies. He was the first newspaper editor in the United States to print Wall Street financial articles; he started modern reportorial methods in his graphic accounts of a great fire, with a picture of a burning building; his was the first paper that published a telegraphic report of a speech spoken at a distance—the speech of Henry Clay on the Mexican war, delivered at Lexington, Ky., in 1846, was sent by express eighty miles to Cincinnati, and thence telegraphed to New York. Daring and revolutionary as this was in those days, contrast it with the fact that the "Rock Springs Rocket" in October this year received and gave to the community, by animated score board, the results, play by play, of the World Series ball games, some fifty-nine seconds after the play actually took place—this in a community of about ten thousand people. The world moves.

In 1841 Bennett published reports of the congressional debates without any cost to the United States Treasury. It was news in which his people, the reading public, should be interested. Therefore he printed it. To put the news from everywhere within the reach of all was his aim, so he chartered vessels to meet ships coming from Europe and gain the latest information from across the sea.

It is not surprising that by these means he made the "New York Herald" a success and acquired a large fortune, which he used generously for the public good. Among other things it is most noteworthy that when David Livingstone, famous missionary and explorer, had not been heard from for six years, it was Mr. Bennett who sent Henry M. Stanley to Africa to search for him, at a cost to himself of \$200,000. Everyone of us has felt the thrill of the Livingstone and Stanley stories. We ought to know this man who was so aware, so much a citizen of the world that he sent Stanley to find Livingstone.

He provided opportunities for a knowledge of world events that, since he initiated them, have become a daily thing for every man and woman.



Miss Blanche Hardin, newly elected Vice-President of the Reliance Womans Club.



With the Womans Organizations

Reliance—

Reliance Womans Club now has two Departments. The Keusington section, with eighteen members, meets every second week in the homes. Each member pays 10 cents an evening which makes a fund to purchase new embroidery pieces. Help is given to new or inexperienced embroidery artists.

The Club is looking forward to the time when the school building is finished and it can begin to decorate the Club Room it has been promised. It has offered its help in the general Christmas plans and is, with the help of the Girl Scouts, responsible for taking a census of Santa Claus' Reliance family for him. Miss Blanche Hardin is the newly appointed Vice President assisting Mrs. R. Ebeling, President, Mrs. Z. Portwood, Treasurer, and Mrs. Floyd Roberts, Secretary.

Cumberland—

The Merrymakers Club of Cumberland has outlined an ambitious winter program. Mrs. G. A. Brown is the President, Mrs. E. Roughley, Vice President, and Mrs. Bert Williamis, Secretary. The Club meets every Thursday afternoon. Once a month the members lay aside their work and study programs and entertain their husbands at a social evening. With the assistance of the office of Miss A. Storkey, Star Valley County Demonstration Agent, the Club will conduct millinery classes, classes in nutrition and will have cookie and candy demonstrations; and vegetable preparation demonstrations arranged by the members for the exchange of ideas.

During the year 1925 Cumberland has taken a most active part in Extension work. Clothing work was the first project to be taken up. In February Mrs. Bert Williams and Mrs. Fearn were sent as leaders to attend the two-day leader training class at Kemmerer. After their return from the class these delegates gave the work on making the use of dress forms to the Cumberland women. The leaders received such splendid cooperation from the women, that by September first more dress forms had been made and covered in Cumberland than any community in Lincoln County.

August first Mrs. Wright Walker, Nutrition Leader, arranged a meeting at the Community Hall. Miss Luella Sherman, State Nutrition Specialist, conducted a Demonstration on the use of vegetables. The meeting was followed by special nutrition demonstrations in the community.

Winton—

The Winton Club held its semi-annual election of officers recently. Mrs. Bob Jolly is the new President; Mrs. Floyd Kaul the Vice President, Mrs. John Henderson, Secretary, and Mrs. Alf Lilliard, Treasurer. Mrs. Ole Odee, the retiring President, invited the Club to her home to a sewing bee to make garments needed by the community nurse in her work. The Club planned a "Hard Times" dance for December 5th, and decided to get behind the Parent-Teachers' Association program given for the purpose of raising funds to help get books for the little library that is being established in Winton. The Club is very busy making Christmas bags for use at the Community Tree.

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The Little Fir Tree

ONCE there was a Little Fir Tree, slim and pointed, and shiny, which stood in the great forest in the midst of some big fir trees, broad, and tall, and shadowy green. The Little Fir Tree was very unhappy because he was not big like the others. When the birds came flying into the woods and lit on the branches of the big trees and built their nests there, he used to call up to them:

"Come down, come down, rest in my branches!" But they always said:

"Oh, no; no; you are too little!"

And when the splendid wind came blowing and singing through the forest, it bent and rocked and swung the tops of the big trees, and murmured to them. Then the Little Fir Tree looked up, and called,—

"Oh, please, dear wind, come down and play with me!" But he always said,—

"Oh, no; you are too little, you are too little!"

And in the winter the white snow fell softly, softly, and covered the great trees all over with wonderful caps and coats of white. The Little Fir Tree, close down in the cover of the others, would call up,—

"Oh, please, dear snow, give me a cap, too! I want to play, too!" But the snow always said,—

"Oh, no, no, no; you are too little, you are too little!"

The worst of all was when men came into the wood, with sledges and teams of horses. They came to cut the big trees down and carry them away. And when one had been cut down and carried away the others talked about it, and nodded their heads. And the Little Fir Tree listened, and heard them say that when you were carried away so, you might become

the mast of a mighty ship, and go far away over the ocean, and see many wonderful things; or you might be part of a fine house in a great city, and see much of life. The Little Fir Tree wanted greatly to see life, but he was always too little; the men passed him by.

But by and by, one cold winter's morning, men came with a sledge and horses, and after they had cut here and there they came to the circle of trees around the Little Fir Tree, and looked all about.

"There are none little enough," they said.

Oh! how the Little Fir Tree pricked up his needles!

"Here is one," said one of the men, "it is just little enough." And he touched the Little Fir Tree.

The Little Fir Tree was happy as a bird, because he knew they were about to cut him down. And when he was being carried away on the sledge he lay wondering, so contentedly, whether he should be the mast of a ship or part of a fine city house. But when they came to the town he was taken out and set upright in a tub and placed on the edge of a sidewalk in a row of other fir trees, all small, but none so little as he. And then the Little Fir Tree began to see life.

People kept coming to look at the trees and to take them away. But always when they saw the Little Fir Tree they shook their heads and said,—

"It is too little, too little."

Until, finally, two children came along, hand in hand, looking carefully at all the small trees. When they saw the Little Fir Tree they cried out,—

"We'll take this one; it is just little enough!"

When I was a very little girl some one, probably my mother, read to me Hans Christian Andersen's story of the Little Fir Tree. It happened that I did not read it for myself or hear it again during my childhood. One Christmas day, when I was grown up, I found myself at a loss for the "one more" story called for by some little children with whom I was spending the holiday. In the mental search for buried treasure which ensued, I came upon one or two word-impressions of the experiences of the Little Fir Tree, and forthwith wove them into what I supposed to be something of a reproduction of the original. The latter part of the story had wholly faded from my memory, so that I "made up" to suit the tastes of my audience. Afterward I told the story to a good many children, at one time or another, and it gradually took the shape it has here. It was not until several years later that, in re-reading Andersen for other purposes, I came upon the real story of the Little Fir Tree, and read it for myself. Then indeed I was amused, and somewhat distressed, to find how far I had wandered from the text.

I give this explanation that the reader may know I do not presume to offer the little tale which follows as an "adaptation" of Andersen's famous story. I offer it plainly as a story which children have liked, and which grew out of my early memories of Andersen's "The Little Fir Tree."

J. McD.

They took him out of his tub and carried him away, between them. And the happy Little Fir tree spent all his time wondering what it could be that he was just little enough for; he knew it could hardly be a mast or a house, since he was going away with children.

He kept wondering, while they took him in through some big doors, and set him up in another tub, on the table, in a bare little room. Pretty soon they went away, and came back again with a big basket, carried between them. Then some pretty ladies, with white caps on their heads and white aprons over their blue dresses, came bringing little parcels. The children took things out of the basket and began to play with the Little Fir Tree, just as he had often begged the wind and the snow and the birds to do. He felt their soft little touches on his head and his twigs and his branches. And when he looked down at himself, as far as he could look, he saw that he was all hung with gold and silver chains! There were strings of white fluffy stuff drooping around him; his twigs held little gold nuts and pink, rosy balls and silver stars; he had pretty little pink and white candles in his arms; but last, and most wonderful of all, the children hung a beautiful white, floating doll-angel over his head. The Little Fir Tree could not breathe, for joy and wonder. What was it that he was, now? Why was this glory for him?

After a time every one went away and left him. It grew dusk, and the Little Fir Tree began to hear strange sounds through the closed doors. Sometimes he heard a child crying. He was beginning to be lonely. It grew more and more shadowy.

All at once, the doors opened and the two children came in. Two of the pretty ladies were with them. They came up to the Little Fir Tree and quickly lighted all the little pink and white candles. Then the two pretty ladies took hold of the table with the Little Fir Tree on it and pushed it, very smoothly and quickly, out of the doors, across a hall, and in at another door.

The Little Fir Tree had a sudden sight of a long room with many little white beds in it, of children propped upon pillows in the beds, and of other children in great wheeled chairs, and others hobbling about or sitting in little chairs. He wondered why all the little children looked so white and tired; he did not know that he was in a hospital. But before he could wonder any more his breath was quite taken away by the shout those little white children gave.

"Oh! oh! m-m! m-m!" they cried.

"How pretty! How beautiful! Oh, isn't it lovely!"

He knew they must mean him for all their shining eyes were looking straight at him. He stood as straight as a mast, and quivered in

(Continued on page 42)

KOMAC PURE PAINT

Lasts because it is all paint. Nothing but the purest materials are used. You will receive years of service from any Komac Pure Paint Product.

The
Kohler McLister Paint Co.

Denver, Colorado

MAKERS OF KOMAC PURE PAINT PRODUCTS



WINNING THE WEST

WHAT greater tribute can be paid to a product than to say that it RETAINS its Friends? That is what has made GOLDEN WEST COFFEE a favorite for over forty years.

A Famous Coffee with a Famous Name

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

WISHES YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND
HAPPY NEW YEAR

SAFETY DEPOSIT
BOXES

COURTEOUS
TREATMENT

HANNA, WYOMING

Isaac Walton League of America Forms State Division at Rock Springs, Wyoming

By Geo. B. Pryde.

THERE was held at Rock Springs on November 13th, a convention of the Wyoming Chapters of the Isaac Walton League of America. The purpose of calling this convention was to organize a State Division.

The Isaac Walton League of America was organized in Chicago four and one-half years ago by Will H. Dilg, who is President of the League at the present time. There are 150,000 members scattered throughout the United States and the League has done a great deal of good in conserving the wild life of America. The League owns 1,740 acres of land in the vicinity of the Jackson Hole country and has a lease on 1,000 acres more, acquiring this land for the purpose of feeding the elk during periods of severe storms. The amount of hay put up on this ground during the present year was 800 tons.

A chapter of the Isaac Walton League was organized in Rock Springs in February of the present year and chapters have been formed at Superior, Winton, Reliance, Green River and many other towns of the State. These local chapters have done much to stock the streams of the district north of Rock Springs, particu-

larly extending from the Big Sandy River to the Jackson Hole country, 1,350,000 small trout having been placed during the present year and about the same number a year ago.

Carl Simon, Executive Secretary of the League, was present at the meeting and did much with his counsel to make the meeting a success. Officers chosen were Matt Medill, President, William Yates of Green River, Vice President, and Stanley Preece, Secretary. A banquet and dance followed in the evening, both being well attended. At the banquet Mr. H. H. Hamblin, Reliance, was a very efficient toastmaster. All promised to attend the summer convention which will be held at West Yellowstone during the latter part of July, 1926.

(Continued from page 41)

every needle, for joy. Presently one little weak child-voice called out,—

“It’s the nicest Christmas tree I ever saw!”

And then, at last, the Little Fir Tree knew what he was; he was a Christmas tree! And from his shiny head to his feet he was glad, through and through, because he was just little enough to be the nicest kind of tree in the world!



Isaac Walton League State Representatives in convention at Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Season's Greetings to our
Patrons and Friends



NORTH SIDE STATE BANK
The People's Bank

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT GOOD EATING IS
If you haven't tried Bread and Pastry baked at

Pilot Butte Avenue **UNION BAKERY** Rock Springs, Wyoming
"Blue Ribbon Bread"

KELLOGG LUMBER COMPANY

Incorporated

Building Materials and Paints.

General Contractors.

ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING

What could be more appropriate
as a Christmas gift
than a holly-wrapped

Armour Star

Ham



—*at all first class stores*



Rock Springs

Mr. and Mrs. James McMurtrie are the proud parents of a baby boy born on October 27th, 1925.

John Ravich, who was injured in an automobile accident Nov. 28, 1924, died at the Wyoming General Hospital, November 6th.

Mrs. Ted Norman and daughter Caroline, of Kemmerer, have been visiting with relatives.

Joe Wise, Assistant Mine Foreman in No. 2 Mine, who had his leg fractured last month, is now able to be about with the aid of a pair of crutches.

John Firmage, Sr., who moved to Salt Lake City last Spring, has returned to Rock Springs and intends to spend the winter here.

Mrs. H. L. Mooney has been on the sick list at her home in Wardell Court.

Victor Cundy and family have moved to Rock Springs from Lionkol. Mr. Cundy is employed in No. 8 mine.

S. I. Rodda, of Hanna, was here to attend the silver wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Rodda, which was held at their home on Ninth Street.

The many friends of John Ganzler were sorry to learn of his death, which occurred on Sunday, November 1st. Mr. Ganzler was an old time employee but has not been able to work for several years on account of an injury he received in the mine.

Frank Parr is sporting a new Oakland Sedan.

Clara, the three year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Crofts, has been seriously ill at their home on Rainbow Avenue.

Matt Muir died at the hospital in Evanston on Friday, November 6th, after an illness of two years. He, before his sickness, had the contract of delivering coal to the Company employees. He is survived by his mother, three sisters and two brothers, his wife and a son and a daughter. Mrs. Muir and children now reside in Laramie. The sympathy of the entire community is extended to the family in their great loss.

Mrs. V. J. Keeler and children, of Kemmerer, have been visiting with Mrs. Keeler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas Outens.

John Thomas had his hand badly bruised recently while at work in No. 4 Mine.

Mrs. John Dankowski has returned from Nebraska, where she has been visiting with relatives.

Euoch Parton has returned from Superior, where he has been helping to operate the cement spraying machine.

Mr. Murray of the Burean of Mines, with headquarters in Salt Lake City, made an inspection of the Rock Springs mines on October 27th and 28th.

Ted Walsh and family have returned from Ohio where they spent the summer. Mr. Walsh is employed in No. 3 Mine, "E" Plane.

Sam Gumble has been confined to the Wyoming General Hospital for treatment to his arm, which was injured while he was at work in No. 2 Mine.

John Kinghorn foreman at No. 3 Mine, "E" Plane, has purchased a new Ford Coupe.

Zelma, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Sherwood, has returned home from the Wyoming General

Hospital, where she recently underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Tony Toucher and family have moved to No. 1 Hill. H. F. Shoatly and family have moved into the house vacated by Mr. Toucher on Tenth Street.

The many friends of Guy Moffit were greatly shocked to learn of his death, which occurred in an automobile accident near Rawlins on Thursday, November 5th. Guy was well known in all the camps, where he assisted his father with the inspection and maintenance of the railroad scales, and he was highly respected by all. He leaves a father, C. E. Moffitt, and two brothers, Howard and Horace, and two sisters, Irene and Harriet. The sympathy of the entire community goes out to the family in their great loss.

Thos. Overy and family motored to Superior to visit Mr. Overy's brother, Ed, who was recently injured in one of the mines at Superior.

Morris Ferrero had his right ankle fractured while at work in No. 4 Mine on November 2nd.

Davis C. Davis and Mrs. H. L. Herbin were married on October 14th, and have gone to housekeeping on No. 1 Hill, where they are receiving congratulations from their many friends.

Reliance

Miss Brooks and Miss Walkenhurst attended the high school dance and spent the week end with the Reliance teachers.

Miss Alkers of Ogden was the house guest of Mrs. R. Ebeling for a few days. Miss Alkers has just returned from a stay of several months in Germany.

Mrs. Max Green is home after a month's absence.

Mike Korogi suffered a painful injury to one of his eyes, which kept him at home for a number of days.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Hackett are now making their home in Reliance.

Mrs. John Grooves has been ill at her home, but is reported as much improved.

Phil Sturholm has installed a radio in his home.

John Forsa is ill at the Wyoming General Hospital.

Leouard Thomas is home from the hospital and well on the road to recovery after a severe bout with the flu-pneumonia.

Miss Sibley, one of our high school teachers has just recovered from the flu.

Mrs. John Holen has returned from Denver. Everybody is glad to see her back.

The Women's Club decided to begin their Kensingtons in November. They will be held the first and third Fridays of the month. Mrs. Nickerson held the first of the series November 6th. The meeting was well attended and greatly enjoyed. Miss Jessie McDiarmid and Mrs. Mable Glasgow were out of town guests.

The Isaac Walton held a smoker October 20th.

Mrs. Fuhrer has organized a class for study of the Bible.

A knitting class, with Mrs. Ebeling as instructor, is held every Thursday afternoon at Mrs. Ebeling's home.

Edward Bann, aged 81 years, 7 months, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Wm. Sisk, October 23rd. Mr. Bann and his wife have been visiting here for several months. The sympathy of the community is extended to his widow and daughters.

Miss Prosser, Principal of the high school, is now a member of the community Council.

Mrs. Russell Scholl and her father, T. H. Butler of Hanna, visited with Mrs. Scholls sister, Mrs. J. McLinnan, in Superior October 22nd.

John Reese, chief mine clerk, has been transferred to the mine office at Superior. Mr. and Mrs. Reese have made many friends during their short stay here and will be missed in the community.

The stork left a boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Clark recently.

Joe Kovach is ill at his home in south camp.

To the man who works hard

You are entitled to the Best Food to eat
And are sure to get it when you buy—

Banquet Better Butter, Eggs and Cheese

Your Grocer carries them in stock.
Always call for them by name.

Nelson-Ricks Cry Co.

Ogden, Utah

ENDURANCE - RELIABILITY

BEAUTY - PROTECTION

ALL ARE VERY IMPORTANT ESSENTIALS
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ACME QUALITY
Paint and Varnish

Has enjoyed these distinctions for forty years

Honestly Made -- The Reason

PAINTS - VARNISHES - ENAMELS - KALSOMINE

Sold by all First Class Stores

Mrs. Stark is ill with the flu.

Nick Nickerson and family are moving to Rock Springs, where Mr. Nickerson will engage in business.

The brick work on the new school house is very artistic and shows up splendidly as you enter the camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones, formerly of Superior, will be Reliance residents now, Mr. Jones being employed in the mines here.

The Hallowe'en Masque Ball, given by the Women's Club, was well attended and was a success, socially and financially. Brueggemann's Orchestra furnished the music, which was excellent, and the hot dog and coffee lunch was freely patronized. Prizes were given for the best and most comic costumes. Helen Freemeu as "Martha Washington" and Jim Spence as "George Washington" won the two first prizes as the best costumed characters, Ruth Clark and Desiree Brutin as dainty flower girls divided the ladies second prize, while Alex Spence in his burlesque of a Scotish Highlander carried off the men's comic prize as well as the applause of the spectators for his really clever exaggeration of this character.

Cumberland

Mr. Keeney, Superintendent of Schools, was called home through the death of his sister. The community extends its sympathy.

Mr. and Mrs. Furd Wilde and Mrs. Geo. F. Wilde are visiting in Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Chas. Congleton of Superior is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Clark.

A large number of young folks attended the masquerade ball given at Glenoe on Hallowe'en night.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Edwards and daughter, Jane, Miss Anne Wilde and Mr. D. M. Jenkins attended the Hallowe'en masquerade at Fontenelle.

Mrs. Alex Johnson and Mrs. Tom Dodds entertained a number of their friends on Saturday evening.

The many friends of Mrs. Wm. Bean, Jr., are glad to know that she is recovering from her recent illness.

Mrs. Sam Faddis and small baby have been on the sick list.

Mr. Lawrence Williams spent Hallowe'en night at Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Brown, Junior Brown and Dr. McCrann motored to Logan, Utah, to attend the football tournament.

Mrs. Joe Clark of Rock Springs spent a day in Cumberland visiting old friends.

Mr. Adrian Dale, one of the Cumberland teachers, has started a music class in Two Town.

The Four Hundred Club at Two Town met at the home of Mrs. Lyman Fearn recently.

Mrs. Jack Goddard has returned to her home after a serious operation at the L. D. S. hospital at Salt Lake City.

Thos. Edwards, Jr., has been a patient at the L. C. M. Hospital, Kemmerer, suffering with infection in his left hand. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Chris Johnson entertained a number of friends at her home on Thursday evening.

The ladies of the Merrymakers Club will hold their meeting Thursday afternoon at the hall, where a candy and cookie demonstration will be held.

The community extends its sympathy to the family of Mr. Emil Kasonen in the loss of their father. Mr. Kasonen lost his life Sunday evening at Glencoe bridge while on his way to Cumberland. Mr. Hill, who was in the car at the time, received several injuries.

Cumberland Band gave a band concert Saturday, November 14th. After the concert an apron and overall dance was held. Everyone had a wonderful time, as always when our band is out.

Winton

Mrs. Ole Odee entertained at cards Tuesday October 27th.

We are glad to know that Mr. Mike Nosich was able to leave the hospital, where he was taken several weeks ago in a serious condition on account of pneumonia, and is at this time slowly but steadily improving.

Mrs. Frank Baxter, Mrs. Charles Adams, Dr. M. M. Cody and Mr. F. P. Stevens were the prize winners at the Masquerade Ball given at the Amusement Hall Saturday, October 31st. A large gathering was in attendance and the affair was greatly enjoyed by all. A large number of the dancers were from Rock Sprungs and the surrounding mining districts.

Ernest Besso met with a minor injury to his left foot while at work November 5th, and is at present making rapid recovery.

The Parent-Teacher's Association began their meetings in September and a Silver Tea was given the early part of October, which was a very successful affair. The Association is purchasing another drinking fountain and two book cases for the library we are trying so hard to collect books for.

The Women's Club had election of officers at their meeting November 4th. Following are the officers elected: Mrs. Bob Jolly, President, Mrs. Floyd Kaul, Vice President, Mrs. John Henderson, Secretary, and Mrs. A. Liddiard, Treasurer. Membership Committee appointed, Mrs. Floyd Kaul, Chairman, Mrs. Tom Hanks and Mrs. John Henderson. The ladies are busy laying plans for a "Hard Time" dance to be given December 5th.

The Girl Scouts are doing some very fine work this winter with Mrs. P. A. Courtney for Captain.

There has been an unusually large number of parties during the month. Following are some of them:

Birthday party given by Evelyn Jolly October 23rd.

Birthday party given for Virginia Finney October 10th.

Surprise party for Merion Grindle October 20th.

Birthday party for Pat Cody November 14th.

Surprise party given for Wilford Mareean.

Hallowe'en party given by Cyril, Elmo and Eunice Baxter, Wednesday evening, October 28th.

Hallowe'en party at the home of Wm. Moon October 30th.

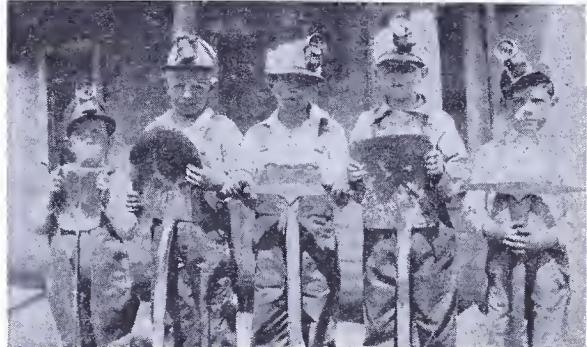
Surprise party given for Mrs. Pete Uram, October 31st

Mrs. Fred Grindle entertained her sewing club Tuesday afternoon, November 10th.

Birthday party for Charlotte Ream, November 2nd.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Halladay entertained at cards Saturday evening, October 24th.

Birthday party for Frank Stevens, October 17th.



A new use for the discarded carbide lamps. Lloyd Hanks, James Benson, Robert Henderson, Billy Hanks and Eugene Stewart ready to perform at a community entertainment at Winton.



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We carry a complete line of the famous Bradley Sweaters, Knit Gloves and Knit Caps

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Advo Dried Fruits

You can be assured of getting only the best at reasonable prices when purchasing ADVO FOODS. For sale at all first class stores



A Tom Thumb wedding in Tono with Ned Rankin, Willie Androsko, Enid Rankin, Ila Smith and Ula Smith as the principals.

Mrs. Halladay entertained her card club November 6th.

Mrs. Pete Marinoff entertained at cards November 2nd.

Mrs. Scanlin had a party in honor of Mrs. Cooper November 4th.

Mrs. Ray Dodds entertained at dinner November 1st.

Mr. Tom Preston spent a week or so in Denver during the month.

Mrs. Wm. Russell and Jesse Shuping visited at the Shuping home during the month.

Mrs. Jasper McClellan of Superior visited at the home of Mrs. Ray Dodds November 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Slaughter spent some time in Salt Lake City, where Mrs. Slaughter received medical treatment.

A Thanksgiving program given by the school children Wednesday evening, November 25th, was a real treat. The receipts will be used for the Winton library fund.

The small son of J. A. Didier has been very ill during the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Warriner are again Megeath residents.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Phillips visited in Kemmerer during the month.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Wm. Reid in her sad bereavement, the death of her brother, Matt Muir, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Balkan and children have returned to Megeath.

Tono

Abe Howard, who was injured in the mine last week, is reported doing nicely. Mr. Howard is in St. Luke's Hospital, Centralia.

Dr. Smith reports a number of cases of stomach and intestinal disorders, due, he asserts, to the amount of chlorine in our drinking water.

Miss Ethel Sells and Mr. Bob Kindsey, both of Tono, were married in Chehelis the fore part of the week.

A number of Tono couples motored to Centralia to hear the Blind Radio Sextette at the Liberty Theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tweedy, and Geo. and Glen Bryant of Longview, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Bert Holmes.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron Green and son, Myron, Jr., of Tacoma, spent a recent Sunday at the home of Mrs. John Hudson.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Paul and Mr. and Mrs. James Corcoran motored to Olympia recently.

At the regular Community Club meeting, Mrs. Tom Warren was appointed custodian of the baby fund. Mesdames John Hudson, Leah Davis, and Chas. Dace were retained in their present offices for a period of six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Eggler and Miss Marion Maples Thorp and Mr. Henry Becker motored to Centralia recently to see the amateur "Charleston" contest at the Liberty Theatre, but were disappointed as the event had been postponed until a later date.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Krons and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ross of Tacoma were week-end guests of Mrs. Henry Puckett.

Mr. and Mrs. John Schuck and Mr. and Mrs. Bob Murray and daughter, Jean, spent a recent week-end salmon fishing on Hood Canal. They were house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Pete Olsen.

Miss Sylvia Erkkila entertained a number of her little friends at a birthday party Tuesday eve.

The Newakwa Camp Fire girls held their weekly meeting at the school house Monday.

For a week the high school students traveled to and from Tenino in private cars, as the school bus was in the garage for repairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Turnbull had as dinner guests, Thursday evening, Mesdames Richard Ober, Frank Nelson and Dale Nugent.

Mr. and Mrs. John Isaacson, Miss Marion Maples Thorp and Mr. Henry Becker were entertained at bridge by Dr. and Mrs. Pieroth of Centralia.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Johnson have returned to Tono after being away for two years.

Mrs. Henry Brierly entertained the Merry Wives Club with a "Topsy Turvey" party. After an evening devoted to games and contests, a delicious luncheon was served by the hostess. Mrs. John Cornell received a prize for the best costume.

Mr. Bert Holmes and sons, Tom and Jack, motored to Kanaskett recently.

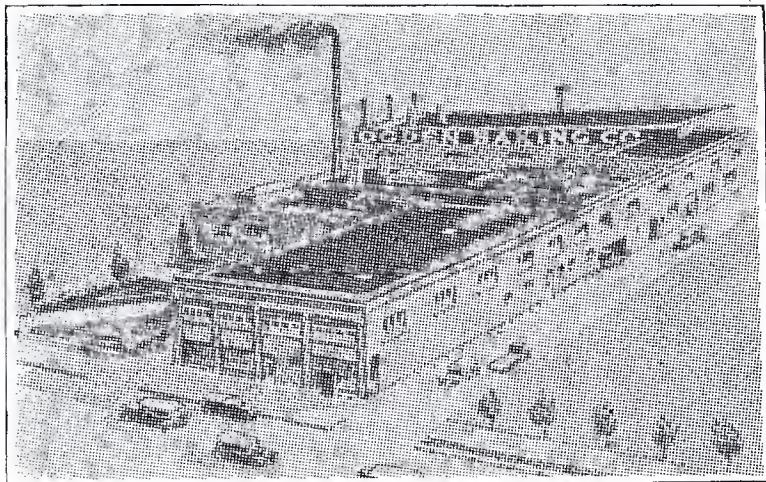
Mr. Alex Turnbull was severely injured when his car skidded into another on the highway. Mrs. Turnbull was catapulted through the windshield, but a velvet turban saved her from glass cuts. Both cars were badly damaged.

The Busy Bees Club met at the home of Mrs. Jim Shelton.

Mr. John Cowell, who has been seriously ill for the past two weeks was taken to Tacoma yesterday to undergo an operation.



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OGDEN, UTAH



Tritch Hardware Company's Sunbeam Heater

A cabinet-style stove that
is fast growing in popularity.
This enameled heater is unique,
having an oblong fire pot, with
duplex grates and large
feed door.

*Make Your Wife Happy By Buying Her
One For Christmas*

Superior

Mrs. Clyde Sheets entertained at dinner recently in honor of Mrs. Geo. Green.

During October little Miss Margie May had a birthday party. She was four years old. The little lady entertained a number of her friends.

A number of Superior folks were visiting in other points during October. Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Sheets were in Salt Lake City. Mrs. Van Valhernberg is visiting in Colorado. Mrs. D. R. MacKay spent ten days in Denver visiting her parents. Superintendent of Schools G. N. Green and Miss Cahill, School nurse, went to Casper on business.

On October 30th the Superior Guild Ladies met with Mrs. Conzatti and Mrs. Hagestein. After the business was attended to a delicious lunch was served.

Several friends of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marsh gave them a miscellaneous shower on October 30th. The Marsh home was burned down a short time ago.

Mrs. Richard Norris is back after a very pleasant trip from California.

Mrs. Conzatti was a hospital patient recently.

The "Kopper Kettle" opened recently at the Superior school, serving hot soup, cocoa and milk for the children.

The Girl Scouts gave a Hallowe'en party in the Opera House. Games and dancing were very much enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. John Yedinak are the proud parents of a baby boy, born Friday morning, November 6th.

Mrs. Burnsmier and Mrs. Lawson entertained the 500 Club last Saturday evening. Mrs. Ivy Massie and Mr. Harry Wylam held the high scores. A delicious lunch was served at the close of the games.

On November 5th Mrs. Rud Robinson entertained the Bridge Club. Mrs. Lawrence Hay won first, Mrs. Hagenstein second, Mrs. McIntosh the consolation.



Lorraine McLeod, at the age of 8 months, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. T. McLeod, Superior, and granddaughter of Mrs. Mary McLeod.

The Superior football boys have received their sweaters. They look great. The Superior school gave the football boys and their fathers a banquet on Wednesday. A delicious dinner was served, which was served and prepared by the Home Economics girls.

On the 9th of November, Mrs. Wm. Ellis entertained the 500 Card Club. Mrs. Farrell, Mrs. Matthews and Mrs. Hastings were the prize winners.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Winn of Denver, Colorado, are visiting John Winn.

Mrs. McIntosh and children motored to Reliance on November 11th to visit with little Janet Gardener on the occasion of her birthday.

Last week, Mrs. Conzatti, Mrs. Hudson and Mrs. McLean gave a 500 party. Mrs. Highly and Jim Hudson won first prizes.

Mrs. McIntosh is out renewing subscriptions for the Red Cross.

Mrs. Applegate was visiting Mr. Applegate for two weeks.

Paul Jones returned to Superior last week.

Mr. Lawrence was transferred to Reliance to be head clerk at the Union Pacific Mine Office. Mr. Reese is taking Mr. Lawrence's place.

Hanna

The Ladies Aid of the M. E. Church gave a chicken supper at the First Aid Hall on October 17th.

The Ladies Guild of the Episcopal Church gave a substantial supper at the First Aid Hall, October 31st.

The Ladies Guild of the Catholic Church gave a dance at the Opera House on November 7th.

Rev. S. L. Morgan has resigned the pastorate of the Episcopal Church. Services will be held in the future by Archdeacon Balcolm of Laramie and Dean Kraft of Rawlins.

Wm. Bowkett, Sr., met with a painful but not serious accident in No. 2 mine on October 27th, by being struck by a fall of roof rock.

Charles F. Brooks was confined to the Hospital for a few days with a bruised hip.

Raymond Dupont of Dawson, New Mexico, accompanied by his family, stopped over for a couple of days visit with his brother Earl Dupont, while enroute to Rock Springs, where he expects to locate.

Uncle Bob Cardwell and wife received the sad news of the death of Mrs. Howard Burgess, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Cardwell, and a niece of Uncle Bob. They departed for Casper on October 30th, to be present at the funeral which was held on November 2nd. The parents and other relatives have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in their sorrow.

The many Hanna friends of Mr. Guy Moffitt were grieved at the sad news of his death in an automobile accident on November 4th. Guy was well and favorably known by the boys around the mines, with whom he came in contact in line with his work as Assistant Scale Inspector, and the news of his sudden death was a severe shock to all. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to his father and other relatives in their sorrow.

Joseph (Dad) Walton, who has been confined to the Hanna Hospital for several months on account of an injury received in No. 4 Mine, is now able to sit up in a chair the greater part of the day, displaying a gorgeous new bath robe. He is also proud of and very happy over a book presented to him by Mr. McAuliffe, President of the Coal Company, and delighted in showing it to his many visitors.

About fifteen members of the Junior Girls Friendly of the Episcopal Church, visited Medicine Bow on Saturday, November 7th, as the guests of the Girls Friendly Society of that place.

Mr. C. L. Williamson, Mr. S. D. Briggs, and Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Butler attended the funeral services of Mr. T. P. Henkell at Denver Wednesday, October 29th.

Job While has returned from a weeks visit to Denver.

Mrs. Wm. Bateman, of Rock Springs, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Attryde.

Mrs. Harold Finch entertained at a bridge party at her home Tuesday, November 3rd, in honor of Mrs. A. Aldredge.

Mrs. Oliver Reidsel of Laramie has been visiting her mother, Mrs. T. D. Mangan, for a couple of weeks before leaving with her husband for Florida, where they will make their home.

The pupils of the 5th grade enjoyed a costume party on Friday afternoon, October 30th.

Misses Vendla Huhtala and Ila Lepponen, students at Wyoming University, visited with their parents on October 30th and 31st.

Dr. and Mrs. Myron L. Crandall of Denver visited with friends here on Saturday, October 31st, enroute to Rawlins, where the Doctor will locate permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackie Cook are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy born October 18th.

Miss Flora Watkins, of the Company Store, is convalescing from a three weeks serious illness.

The cool evenings have caused the radio bug to get busy, and new radio sets are being installed in all parts of town. Among the many fans are Henry Jones, Sam Dickinson, A. S. Clark and Earl Dupont.

The moving picture entitled "When a Man's a Miner," is being shown at the Opera House during the week ending November 14th. This film is the property of the United States Bureau of Mines, and is loaned to mining communities for the purpose of showing the safe and unsafe methods of mining.

Night classes in mine mathematics are being held by School Superintendent Schneider two evenings a week, with an enrollment of sixteen.

We regret to have to record the death of Kuelinta, the seven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marinos Kouris, which occurred at the Hanna Hospital at 11:00 A. M. Sunday, November 22nd, from pneumonia, after an illness of two weeks. Funeral services were held at the home, and interment was made in Hanna Cemetery, on November 24th.

Mark Jackson BARBER SHOP

For Men
and Women

Hanna, Wyoming

Dr. Stoddard

DENTIST
⊕

Hanna, Wyoming

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Daily Papers

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Hanna, Wyoming

Thos. Love Amusement Halls

RELIANCE
HANNA

WINTON
SUPERIOR

A Complete Line of Boxed and
Bulk Candies for Christmas

Cigars

Cigarettes

Eastman Kodaks

Miners' Headquarters

If you could visit our plant and see the quality of material used, as well as the care in producing the very finest

CAKES and CRACKERS

you would surely insist upon

"SUPREME" BRANDS

The
Merchants Biscuit Company
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"If we suggest today - - you'll insist tomorrow."

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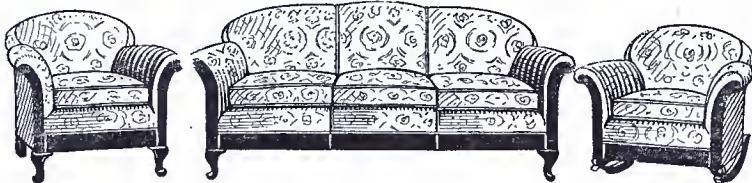
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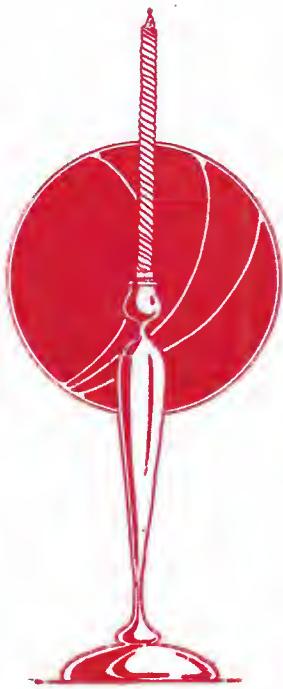
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